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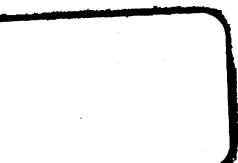
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Paris, 1558.



Edinb. 1634.

James Lindsay havauld
to & forsaik lord
1531

30 freng & ancy
Douglas Rof
Jan. 1515

Canyn byfhop
of Dunkerke
1517

at Sunday the cyphanyng day wyth
hand of
6 Jan. 1522.

30 Gublerfunt
Baptay of Dunkerke

SCOTTISH POEMS,

REPRINTED

FROM SCARCE EDITIONS.

THE TALES OF THE	PHILOTUS, A COMEDY.
PRIESTS OF PEBLIS.	GAWAN AND GOLOGRAS,
THE PALICE OF HONOUR.	A METRICAL ROMANCE.
SQUIRE MELDRUM.	BALLADS, FIRST PRINTED
EIGHT INTERLUDES, BY	AT EDINBURGH, 1508.
DAVID LINDSAY.	

WITH THREE PIECES BEFORE UNPUBLISHED.

COLLECTED BY JOHN PINKERTON,
F. S. A. PERTH, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY
OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE AT COPENHAGEN, AND OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT DRONTHIM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY AND, FOR JOHN NICHOLS.

M, DCC, XCII.



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100
100

C O N T E N T S.

VOLUME I.

	page
<i>The Three Tailles of the Three Priests of Peblis,</i>	1
<i>The Palice of Honour,</i>	51
<i>Squire Meldrum,</i>	143

E R R A T A.

Vol. I. page line

- 14. 17. *for same kil, read samekil.*
- 21. *for sef or, read se for.*
- 18. 11. *for we, read me.*
- 56. 22. *for martis, read Martis.*
- 66. 2. *for haur, read haue.*
- 57. *last. for woddls, read woddis.*
- 122. 16. *for thraw in, read thrawin.*
- 150. *note. for 1512, read 1513.*
- 153. *last. for are, read ane,*
- 167. *note. the date must be 1517, as Albany did
not leave Scotland till that year.*

TO THE
EARL OF BUCHAN.

MY LORD,

AN opportunity at length arises of publicly testifying my gratitude for attentions, and assistance, lent to my literary labours, and to this in particular. The transcript of Lindsay's Interludes, made under your Lordship's eye, is one of the smallest proofs of your laudable regard for the antiquities of your country.

On the Continent, my Lord, numerous are the noblemen who are warmly attached

to literary pursuits, and who patronise those departments of science which are sacred to the few. Since the degrading reign of the second Charles, when vice first became fashionable in this country, and profligacy was the badge of a cavalier, the British Empire has formed rather a contrast in this respect, tho with many great and glorious exceptions. At present the exorbitant sums expended by our princes, and potentates, in the encouragement of the rising arts of jockeyship, gambling, and boxing, deservedly attract the gratitude of all literary men, whose exertions will doubtless secure the warmest applause of posterity. Literature will always attend to its own interests ; and, in truth, we have too many books : but how can even the public money be better applied, than in the encouragement of the noble sciences above-mentioned ? If our antiquaries who have weight, and our philosophers who have mettle, do not chuse to enter the arena with the pugilists ; if our poets refuse to exchange Pegasus for a good race-horse at Newmarket ;
if

if our writers in general will not abandon the ink-horn for the dice-box; who is to blame? Of what account are talents, if not exerted in the proper department?

Leaving this ironical vein, into which the subject has betrayed me, permit me to congratulate your Lordship, as one of those few noblemen, who confer the most lasting honour on themselves, by promoting the interests of literature. In our northern region, in particular, this applause becomes the more valuable, as not only few of your exalted rank, but far from many of other stations, pay any regard to the ancient literature of their country. If we look into the mental treasures of other nations, we shall, perhaps, find that less has been done for the real antiquities of Scotland, for her ancient history, poetry, laws, manners, monuments, than for those of any other kingdom of Europe. It is risible enough to hear us lamenting the loss of our records, while we pay not the smallest attention to those that remain. Nay,
 such

such is our fate, that, if a man arise to redeem our ancient history and poetry from neglect, those who do nothing themselves will obstruct and revile him; and will rather delight to dwell on his small errors, incident to all human works, than to approve his well-meant endeavours, or obscure them by productions more laborious and correct. Our late ingenious friend, Dr. Stuart, has observed, that our antiquities are neglected, because they yield no money: it is, indeed, to be regretted, that the reputation of the toilette and the drawing-room, and considerations of present gain, are by so many preferred to the reluctant yet perpetual fame of solid literature; which, like the oak, grows slowly, but opposes its stern branches to the storms of a thousand winters.

Yet, as the progress of civilization and industry must increase the wealth of our country, and many individuals must, in course, arise, who may have a patriotic attachment to our antiquities, attended by a fortune, which

which may separate their studies from any pecuniary consideration, it is to be hoped, that the course of another century may redeem this defect. In a region, which has compensated for the lateness of its literature by its rapid advances, and which boasts of Humes, Robertsons, Smiths, Cullens, Beatties, Blairs, and of many other eminent names, it is not to be supposed, that the department of antiquities will be for ever neglected. Even now, Sir David Dalrymple may be named as an antiquary of the first class, who treats subjects of importance with great information and accuracy.

Hardly can any department of genius, or science, be mentioned in which our countrymen have not gained fame, except epic poetry, comedy; and the laborious provinces of antiquities, and works of profound erudition. If we add to these, painting and sculpture, a complete list of our deficiencies in the fine arts will be given; and, perhaps, a stimulus added for successful attempts

tempts in these untrodden paths. I must confess, that the neglect of our antiquities was one great argument with me to enter that thorny field ; and that it appears to me a kind of patriotism for a man to attempt to supply any branch of his native literature, which is particularly deficient. There are who regard the study of antiquities as an extravagant desire of knowledge, or an excursion of conjecture. Yet Common Sense dictates, that the first attention ought to be paid to obscure periods, except we mean to rival those profound commentators, who only illustrate passages already clear. Narrow minds have limited views ; but from the dictates of good sense, and the example of great and wise men of ancient and modern times, a more rational curiosity cannot be entertained than that of tracing the origin, early history, poetry, manners, arts, &c. of our progenitors. But what wonder, if these be forgotten in Scotland, while, amid a numerous and opulent body of lawyers, no man has yet appeared to give even a genuine
5 edition

edition of our ancient laws, tho many manuscripts be extant; and it be well known that Skene's work is the most mutilated and disguised compilation that was ever obtruded upon the public patience ?

After such an incredible instance of inattention to our most important antiquities, and to our national reputation, it would be vain to add other examples. Yet your Lordship will excuse my barely mentioning that, as the last century of our literature is extremely defective, and presents a strange shade between the irradiation of the sixteenth century and of this, it is to be wished, that the manuscript labours of Sir Robert Gordon, Sir John Scott, Drummond of Hawthornden, Thomas Crawford, Sir James Balfour, David Hume, David Buchanan, and other writers on our antiquities, belonging to that century, were collected and published, as a tribute of gratitude and applause to those ingenious men, and as supplying a defect in the chain of
our

our literary history. It is to be hoped, that your respectable Society of Antiquaries may esteem such a work worthy of their attention.

It is unnecessary, my Lord, to justify this address, by enumerating your well-known endeavours to promote the study of our national antiquities. My particular gratitude I must beg leave to repeat.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's much obliged,

and most faithful servant,

JOHN PINKERTON.

PRE-

P R E L I M I N A R I E S.

AS the miscellaneous nature of the present materials little deserves the regular name of a preface, it is thought more proper to use this new but just title, instead of the exotic term Prolegomena. To preserve however some kind of arrangement, a few remarks shall first be offered on the pieces here published ; and then, as the editor regards these volumes as his last effort for the recovery and preservation of antient Scottish poetry, he shall beg leave to submit some supplemental illustrations on this subject.

The first piece, intituled *The Tales of the Priests of Peebles*, is printed from a copy belonging to Mr. Gough. My respectable and ingenious friend, Francis Douce, Esq. has a fragment of this scarce tract, bound up with "Ane godlie Dream, compylit in Scottish Meter, by M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros." Edinburgh, Charteris, 1603, 4to. This is apparently the first edition of Lady Culros's dream,

dream, concerning which see "Select Scottish Ballads," Vol. I. p. xxxvii. edit. 2d. and "Maitland Poems," Vol. I. p. cxxvi. in which last she is erroneously put among the poets of the middle of the seventeenth century. It seems very doubtful that she could be the mother of Colvil the poet, who wrote it is believed about the year 1690: nor could her name be Elizabeth Melvil. The Tales of the Priests of Peebles appear, from internal evidence, to have been written before the year 1492, as observed in the Maitland Poems, p. c. because the kingdom of Granada is mentioned as not yet Christian. The *merie tales*, mentioned in the title-page, are in prose, and printed in a small letter on the margin: they are taken from George Peele's Tales, and are omitted as the work of an English author, written a century after the poem. It is hardly necessary to remark that these tales of the priests are more moral than facetious; and that their chief merit consists in a *naïf* delineation of ancient manners. Conjecture may well suppose that they were partly intended to chastise the weak government of James III. slain in 1488.

The Palice of Honour, by Gawin Douglas, is probably founded on the *Sejour d' Honneur* by St. Gelais; a work which must be carefully distinguished from his *Vergier d' Honneur*, in which last he only gives a poetic history of the expedition of Charles VIII against Naples. This poem of Douglas, amid many defects, has great merit for the age in which it was written. For the edition of London, 1553, this work is indebted to the learned editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. In the
plate

plate prefix to this volume may be found various signatures of Gawin Douglas, taken from his letters in the Cotton Library, Caligula, B. VI. &c.

Those very scarce pieces of Sir David Lindsay, his *History of Squire Meldrum*,* and his *Play*, are the next in order. Tho these works have never been reprinted till now, they are doubtless his most interesting and most valuable labours.

Lindsay's *Play* occupies the whole of the second volume. The editor not being able to procure a perfect copy of the edition, 1602, was obliged to have recourse to the Bannatyne MS. in the Advocates' Library, in which, as has since appeared, many parts of the play are omitted, and only detached interludes preserved. Hence in the present publication these interludes are first given; but, from the long continuance of these volumes in the press, the editor was at length so fortunate as to procure from Matthew Knapp, Esq. Shenley, Bucks, the loan of a complete copy of the edition 1602, and has thus been enabled to publish this curious work complete, by annexing, with references, all the passages omitted in the MS. Nor does he regret that he has printed the greater part from the MS. tho the order of the printed play be rightly different, and tho he would recommend to any future publisher to follow that order, as pointed out in this edition, because he has thus recovered a whole interlude, and some smaller passages omitted in the edi-

* The copy of this piece, 1594, 4to. bears that it was purchased at Edinburgh, by Thomas Arrowsmyth servant to Henry Bowes Esquire, (the English envoy,) March 2d, 1597, price xxxd. Scotch, (3d. English).

tion,

tion, not to mention that the orthography of the MS. is more ancient, and preferable.

The date of this singular production may be clearly ascertained in the following manner. The battle of Pinkey, fought in Sept. 1547, is mentioned p. 11, and elsewhere, so that it was composed after that year. From p. 19, the seventh day of June, in the year in which it was acted, was Whitsun Tuesday, so that Easter fell of course on the seventeenth day of April; which in no year in that century after 1547 did happen, except in 1552; in which year was also the war between Germany and France, mentioned in p. 97; so that 1552 is the fixt date of this drama.

The action of this long play began at seven o'clock in the morning, p. 5; and the first part concluded at dinner time, or about eleven o'clock, p. 216; so that the conclusion may have taken place about four or five o'clock. This duration seems to have been borrowed from the old mysteries; but the piece itself is of a mixt class, partaking nothing with the Mysteries, or dramas founded on scripture, and on the lives of saints; but mingling the plan of the Moralities, in which ideal personifications, virtues, vices, &c. appear, with that of the genuine drama. No Scottish Mysteries remain; and this production is the earliest effort of our dramatic muse*.

* Pitfcottie, p. 295, mentions that Mary of Guise on her marriage to James V, 1538, was entertained by the town of Edinburgh with triumphs, farces, and plays. The *gesta biftrionum* of more ancient times were mysteries.

It

It was at least twice acted; once at Coupar in Fife, and once near Edinburgh, as appears from the MS. The stage was only a spot of ground, divided from the surrounding audience by a ditch: in the midst was a pavilion for the actors to retire and enter; and a chair of state was placed on a high platform for the royal personages represented. All these particulars appear from different passages of the Play. This Play is doubtless the most useful one ever written or acted, and may be supposed to have contributed more to the reformation in Scotland, than all the sermons of John Knox. Its spirit is so bold, as to partake much of the present French renovation; and it is no wonder that it was sedulously neglected, or suppressed at the time of its being printed, and hence afterwards forgotten. A few obscenities which stain it, and which are castrated in this edition, have been ridiculously dwelt on by some of our antiquaries, who knew not that in public spirit and utility, in many passages of native humour, and some of good poetry, in presenting the first specimen of our drama, this piece claims a distinguished notice in Scottish literature.

The portraits of Sir David Lindsay in the plate are taken from the editions of his works, Paris, 1558, 4to; and Edinburgh, 1634, 8vo; both being wooden vignettes. From the latter a magnified engraving has lately appeared. The fac-simile of his signature is given from a curious letter in the Cotton Library, written when he was on his embassy to Charles V. in the year 1531; and which,

VOL. I.

b

being

being perhaps the only one extant of this poet, shall here be inserted.

Cotton Lib. Cal. B. I. fol. 298.

Autograph letter of Sir David Lindsay to the Lord Secretary of Scotland.

" My lord I recommend my hartly feruis onto your L. plesis your L. to wit, that I com to Brussellis the iii. day of Julij, quhar I fand the Empriour, and gat presens of his Maieste the iii. day efter my cummin; and hes gottin gud expedition of the principall erands that I was send for; and hes gottin the auld alianfis, and confederationis, confermit for the space of ane hundret yeirs. The quhilk confirmation I haiff rasit in dowbyl form, ane to deliver to the Conservatour, and ane uther to bring with me in Scotland, bayth onder the Emperor's gret seill; and hes deliverit to his Maieste the kyng, our sowerain's, part, vnder his gracis gret seil, for the said space of ane hundret yeirs.

My lord, ye sall understand that Sir Don Pedir De le Cowe wes not in the court, lang tym efter that I com thair, to quham I deliuerit your L. writtinis, quhilk rasavit tham rycht thankfully, and schew me gret hwmanite for your L. saik; bot he gaiff me na ansvar of your writtins, quhill I was reddy to depart furth of the Imperieil, quhais letter ye sall rasaff fra this bestar. I remanit in the court vii. owiks, and od days, apoun the materis perteyn to the marchans. Item the brut was heir, owyr all this contre, quhen I com to the cowrt, that the
kyng's

kyng's grace, our sowerain was deid . For the quhill
caws the Quein of Wngare * send for me, and inquirit
diligentlie of that mater at me, and was rycht glaid, quhen
I schew hir the werrite of the kyngs grace our sowerains
prosperite. It was schawin to me that the Empriour's
Majeste gart all the Kyrkmen in Brusselles pray for his
gracis saul. Thai nowelles war send for werrite furth of
Ingland ; and war haldin for effect, ay quhill my cumin
to the cowrt.

My L. it war to lang to me to writ to your L. the
triwmphis that I haiff sein, sen my cumin to the court
Imperall ; that is to say the triwmpnand Justynis, the
terribill turnements, the seychten on fut in barras, the
naymis of lords and knychts that war hurt the day of the
gret towrnament ; quhais circumstans I haiff writtin at
lenth, in articles, to schaw the Kyng's grace at my haym
suming. Item, the Empriour purposis to depart at the
syn of the moneth, and passis up in Almanye for refor-
mation of the Luteriens : the Quein of Wngare remainis
heir Regent of all thir contres : and was confermit Regent
be the iii. estatts in the toun of Brussellis, the v. day of
juli. And as for uther nowellis, I refer to the berar.
Writtin with my hand, at Handwarp, the xxiii. day of
... gust by your serviteur, at his power,

DAVID LYNDSEY, harauld
to our sowerain lord."

(Directed on the back)

To my special lord,
My Lord, the gret Secreter
to our sowerain Lord of Scotland.

* Hungary, governess of the Netherlands.

It may be added to the account of Lindsay's works, given in the Maitland Poems, that the edition of Edinburgh, 1568, 4to. is the most curious and valuable of the ancient ones. It is printed by Scott, at the expences of Henrie Charteris, who prefixes a long preface against the Papists, in which are some anecdotes of Lindsay; such as, that he begged the king (James V.) to grant him the place of taylor to his majesty, and upon the king's answering that he was no taylor, Lindsay replied that he was as fit for the place as many new-made bishops were for their sees: that a play of his was acted near Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen Regent, satyrizing the priests, the representation of which lasted from nine in the morning till six in the evening. Charteris adds, that Lindsay had been dead not many years: and mentions the impressions of his works at Rowen and London. This last is printed for Purfoote, 1566 *, 4to. with bad wooden prints. In the King's library, Buckingham House, is the edition of Paris (Rowen) 1558, complete, containing the Monarchies, &c. but none of the old editions contain the Play, or Squire Meldrum.

* That of *Copmanboun* (Maitland 542) is probably printed at Edinburgh about 1559, surely before the reformation, and in Scotland, else the place need not have been concealed; and the badness, and manner of the printing, resembling that of 1568, betray the Scottish press of that period.

In arranging Lindsay's works, the Tragedy of Beton, 1546, should be placed immediately before the Monarchies, written in 1553: His other pieces (except the play) belong to the reign of James V. who died in 1542.

The

The Third Volume begins with *Philotus*, a comedy, published from two editions in Mr. Garrick's collection of old Plays, now lodged in the British Museum. In the Maitland Poems, p. cx, this piece is ascribed to the reign of James V; but, from more attentive perusals, the editor is now convinced that it belongs to the reign of James VI, and was probably written a very short time before the first edition appeared in 1603. The arguments which formerly induced the editor to ascribe this play to the reign of James V. were, 1. the mention of many saints; 2. the apparent antiquity of the language. It must be answered, that the saints are only mentioned in a ludicrous conjuration, and so irreverently as to imply that the piece was written after the public establishment of the reformation; and that, tho the frequent rimes have often constrained the author to use old words, and the orthography be more rough than usual at that period, yet there are many phrases and idioms, unknown to the Scottish language till a late epoch, and allied to modern expression. Add the improbability, that Scotland should produce a comedy before England, or perhaps France, could boast of one, and before the date of Sir David Lindsay's Morality; and there will be every reason to infer that this piece was not written till near the end of the sixteenth century.

This production therefore continues the natural progress of our drama from the morality to rude comedy. Sir William Alexander's tragedies succeed, 1603, and complete the drama of Scotland, while a separate kingdom. It is singular that our theatre should so little resemble the

English, or any other. Sir Thomas Saintserf's, and Mrs. Cockburn's plays, of the last century, form a mean introduction to the fame of Thomson and Home. In comedy we are still deficient; and it is a general opinion that we are strangers to the English humour and wit: but these qualities depend so much on 'thinking in a language,' and a perfect use of all its delicate lights and shades, that it may be reasonably inferred that, when the nations are blended into the same speech and pronunciation, we may aspire to comic fame, especially as in our own dialect, written and spoken, much humour-at times appears. The same causes may perhaps account for our senators yielding the palm of eloquence not only to the English, but to the Irish Sheridans, Grattans, Burkes, Floods, &c.

The remainder of the third volume is chiefly occupied with some of the oldest remains of our poetry, and most curious pieces in our language. As belonging to the middle, at least, of the fifteenth century, they ought to have appeared at the head of this collection; but they were not recovered till the work had been some time in the press.

About three years ago, was presented to the Advocates' Library, by a gentleman of Ayrshire as is said, a collection of pamphlets in the Scottish language, printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 12mo. while it was before believed that the Aberdeen Breviary, 1509, was the earliest specimen of our typography. From this curious collection is given the metrical romance of *Gawan and Gologras*.
Dunbar,

Dunbar, in his Lament for the Death of the Makkaris, says,

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,

That made the aventers of Sir Gawane.

Hence it appears that this poet is the author of this romance, and also of that intituled Sir Gawan and Sir Galaron of Galloway, printed at the end of the third volume, from a MS. undoubtedly of the time of Henry VI. and bearing intrinsic marks of being a production of the same author. Add to this the similarity of the language and manner of these two pieces to that of the Houlat, also published in Volume III. which, as Sir David Dalrymple observes, must have been composed before the battle of An-crum-muir, 1455, in which Archibald Douglas earl of Moray was slain, and it will be evident that all these poems are at least as ancient as the middle of the fifteenth century. These two metrical romances of chivalry, are the only remaining specimens of this sort of composition in the Scottish language. So uncouth is their style, and that of the Houlat, owing chiefly to their constant alliteration, that they present difficulties sufficient to puzzle the most skillful commentator, or etymologist; and the little glossary at the end of this work, (such as its popular intention admitted) is not a little defective in regard to the interpretation of these pieces, which might have required much learned labour completely to illustrate.

From the same collection of pamphlets, printed in 1508, are extracted some ballads, one of which, p. 128, is already published by Sir David Dalrymple in his valuable selection from the Bannatyne MS.

The mention of this curious collection is an inducement to give some account of its contents.

I. "The twelve virtues of ane nobilman;" wants the beginning. This piece is in prose, and begins at the middle of the Elghth Virtue, so that about six or eight leaves are lost. Virtue IX. is Clenelynes; X. Largefs or bounty; XI. Sobirnes; XII. Perseverance. The conclusion is in these words, "Heir endis the Porteous of Noblenes, translatit out of Franch in Scottis, be Maister Androw Cadiou. Imprintit in the South gait of Edinburgh be Walter Chepman and Androu Millar, the xx. dai of Aperile, the yhere of God mcccc. & viii. yheris." *Porteous* is a breviary or mass-book, in allusion to which title the author says,

Nobles report your marynis in this buke,

2. Gawan and Gologras.
3. Sir Eglamour, (an English metrical Romance.)
4. Balade.
5. The Goldyn Targe.
6. "Rycht as all strings," &c, a poor piece of political poetry.
7. The Maying or Disport of Chaucer. (This is "The complaint of the Black Knight" in Chaucer's Works.)
8. Kennedy's Answer to Dunbar. (Evergreen II. 75.)
9. "Wythin a garth," &c.
10. "Devise, prowes," &c.
11. Orpheus kyng, and how he yeid to hewyn and to hel to seik his quene. A tedious fable by Henryson, with a spiritual moralization.

12. "Qi

12. "Of ferlyis of this grete confuſion."
13. Dunbar's ballad on D'Aubigny.
14. The twa mariit women and the wedo, (Maitland, Poems, p. 44); ſome of the leaves are miſplaced, and the beginning wanting, but the chief variations ſhall preſently be given,
15. Kennedy's Answer to Dunbar, (Evergreen).
16. Lament for the deſth of the Makkaris. (Bannatyne Poems, p. 74).
17. "My gudame," &c.
18. Teſtament of Kennedy. (Evergreen).
19. Twelve leaves of Robin Hood: ends imperfectly,
There myght no man to thy truſte,

In the Lament for the Makars this edition rightly reads, in ſtanza 17, "Clerk of Tranent;" and "Hay," not "Gray:" and in ſtanza 21 "done rounne."

The two firſt leaves of "The twa mariit women and the wedo" are wanting. As the Maitland MS. is not in the beſt condition, in the part containing this curious poem, the various readings, and words ſupplied, muſt not be omitted. The printed part begins after the middle of p. 48, in the Maitland Poems, at this line,

He will me yet all beclip, and clap me to his breiſt.
As the lines are not numbered, where the variation is in every ſucceeding line, it is mentioned without reference; but, when ſome lines are paſt, the number is ſpecified.

Page 48, line 18. me yet—my corſe. ſchorne—ſchaiſſin. chowis me his chewal—ſchowis on me his ſchewal. hurcham—hurtheon. cheitres—chekis. even lyke ane—

as a. that—the. schent—schout. (pass. 1) bugil—
bogil. (pass. 1) sny—smy. smollat—smolet. *Page 49,*
l. 1. gykat—gilot. soundis—soud (p. 1.) mentionat—
nemmyt. (1) elduring—eldnyng. (3) castis—cacis.
trew—traw. luk—kek. indilling—eldnyng. (1) mis-
feris—myffirs. iwarne—iyerne. quhair—for. (1) Ay—
—And. (2) feschov—fee gret. (2) cace—corfe. irchane
—forlane. *delete* ane. krisp or silk—kersp all ther finest.
wrocht—furrit. At the bottom of page 49 five lines want-
ing, after “ryche juell.”

Or rest of his rousty raid, thoch he were redewmyod; (sic)

For all the buddis of John Blunt, quhen he abone clymis,

Methink the baid deir aboucht, sa bawth ar his werkis.

And thus I sell him solace, thoch I it four think.

Fra sic a fyre God yow saif, my sueit sifteris deir!

Page 50, line 1. she—the. laiks—latis. (1) raiket—ra-
lyeit. wlouk—wlonk. (1) menfit—menkit. (3) same—
famep. wourd—word. *lines* To speik, and With that *trans-*
posed. (2) beried—beild. (5) was—is. *Page 51, line 2,*
luve—lume. lichroun—sugeorne. ar don he—rest it. ryd
—rap. (2) For—And. brankard—brankand. ony wo-
man—bonet on syde. (1) kemmit his hair is—kemmyng
of his hair. (3) lyke—as. *Page 52, line 4* kudling and
—oldnyng or. (5) fillie—folie. (3) hewin mariit—away
cast. walroun—crandoun. to—that. myrth and—my
clere. (1) thame—on a. ficht for to try—futh for to tell.
Page 53, line 1. [e]—e. (1) am—in. behaldis—he
haldis. humblie—hamelie. (6) in bed—abeid. (3) treis
—leiffis. lewis—bewis. at—of. perthar—pertliar. (6)
schaw—schaw you. war—was. *Page 54, line 3.* nild—couth.
defane—defave. halding—haldin. (1) soir befowleit—
forleit.

PRELIMINARIES. xxvii

forleit. (1) in—of. (2) one—ay. avoue—anone. necht
—note. angel apperwaird—angels apperand. (1) maneris
—myndis. (7) claw—keyrth. *Page 55, line 4.* flok—
flogen. renoun—honour. sua tuke joy in—few bot an.
Whan my auld carle—Ay quhen the ald. Than my lustie
freik—Apon the galand for. goif—goif it. (2) fone—
four. the—gude. (2) he had I—had the. (10) twitch-
and in—twitchandly. *Page 56, line 3.* furth—fucha.
bichman—buthman. (1) foveranis—severanis. (7) nocht
fat—fit. or the found of—secund. (1) manlie—woman-
lie. the mair I him haitit—less of him I rakit. thech-
lichtleit me my ying leid—or I him saith gaif. as na wourds
can telle—and feid syne for evir. cur—cure. *Page 57,
line 6.* fonerit—severit. the—his. (5) braid—all. (2)
banchis—bauthles. all—all braid. (3) wyf—wyf-carl.
lawbouris—werkis. laid down—laid. mens—mensk.
(3) courlasslie—courtasslie. drew—drawis. *Page 58, line
1.* sueir—skeir. our heid—on syde. (1) na gay—ane
gay. Two lines wanting after “lady.”

Tharfor I gat him again, that ganyt him better;

He wes a gret goldit man, and of gudis riche.

be bumbart to tous—be my lumbart to lous. fre—fra me.
(12) dawtie—daynte. (1) heriet—beriet. (2) forleit—
forbeit. lard—lad. (1) is fay—his fa. *Page 59, line 2.*
haint—hanyt. (9) scribat—spittit. of speche—spreit. ye
wit—weil ye wit. for he—that he. Has failyet anis—And
valeandnes. A line wanting after “haldin.”

Full fruster is his fresch array, and fairnes of persoun.
affect—effeir. (5) lord—leid. *Page 60, line 1.* my dewle.
Mirth—My daynté. (9) flesche—flesse. (3) be my syde
—me beside. (3) ruse—ruse. (5) ronkis—clokis. (1)
walteris

xxviii PRELIMINARIES.

walteris—watteris. *Page 61, line 1.* a line wanting after “husband.”

Yone is a peté to emprent in a princis hart.
fave—fane. luik—leit. (4) device—derne. (10) fane—fave. (3) that—the. Next line wanting. *Page 62, line 1.*
bung—tung. (5) preffing—passing. (2) blinnyng—blum-
ing. (9) the—that. *delete* [that]. far—for. (3) schir—
serf. *Page 63, line 2.* on—on his. (10) cative—latyne.
(2) furdane—sovrane. perfyte—prudent. culed—culed thai
(1) dauteing and chere—danteis full noble. begouth to
gleme—donkit flouris. mirrie sonne upsprong—mavis did sing.
waveand wodis—meid smellit. wistell—cristell. *Page 64,*
line 2. glaid—glaidit. (10) unkorth—unkouth.

Such are these variations; most, if not all, of which should be adopted in any future edition, as the piece appears to have been printed under the eye of the author.

The *Appendix* to these volumes contains three poems before unpublished; two of which are peculiarly adapted to this publication, from the identity of stanza and similarity of language, with the romance of Gawan and Gologras; and it was thought not unuseful to lay before the reader, in one volume, the three most uncouth, and difficult works, which the Scottish language affords, that they might reflect mutual light upon each other.

The Houlat, written by Holland, is printed from the Bannatyne MS. and, tho prolix and dull, presents some curious descriptions of manners. This singular piece is written by a partizan of the family of Douglas; and, to understand it properly, it is necessary to observe that, in
the

the year 1444, James II. added greatly to the power of that house, by creating Hugh and John, brothers of the Earl of Douglas, Earl of Ormond, and Lord Balveny; while their elder brother Archibald, by wedding the daughter of James Dunbar, earl of Moray, acquired that title which he lost with his life, in battle against his sovereign, in the year 1455; and his brother Ormond was at same time taken and beheaded. But in 1450 the favour and power of Douglas began to fail; in 1452 he was slain by the king: and in 1453 Moray was forced into exile. In 1454 all the brothers were forfeited. It is evident that this poem must have been written before the forfeiture in 1454, if not before the exile of Moray in 1453; and, as from Part III. stanza 27 it is in every appearance a satire against James II, it must have been written after the house of Douglas had lost his favour in 1450. The length and nature of this poem, founded on a trite fable, and the long panegyric on the house of Douglas, convinced me that 'more was meant than meets the ear:' and the lines Part III. stanza 27,

We cum pure, we gang pure, bath KING and Comon;
Bot THOW iewll THE richtous, THY CROWNE fall
ourere,

certify the idea that the Houlat is no other than the king James II. a prince little deserving such a satire. The two lines above quoted form the very point, and conclusion, of the moral of this satirical fable: and the author in the next, or final, stanza, informs us, that he composed it to please the Countess of Moray, *lowit* or wedded to
a Doug-

a Douglas, (so that her husband was yet alive), in the forest of Ternoway in Moray *.

The next poem, called *The Bludy Serk*, is written by Henryson, a poet who flourished about the year 1490; and has little merit, except its easy versification, and ballad-stanza, rarely found in productions of that epoch. For copies of this, and the preceding poem, and other favours, the editor must express his gratitude to his ingenious and worthy friend Adam de Cardonnel, Esq.

The concluding poem is a metrical romance, called *Sir Gawain and Sir Galaron of Galloway*, copied many years ago, by a learned friend, from a MS. belonging to Mr. Baynes of Gray's-inn, who was a noted collector of romances of chivalry. The hand-writing was of the time of Henry VI. and the composition can hardly be more modern than the year 1440. There is every reason to conclude that this is another production of Clerk of Tranent, the author of *Gawan and Gologras*: but, being anciently copied by an English hand, the language is in some instances a little anglicized. Yet the original dialect is predominant, and the subject would of itself assign it to a Scottish author. This poem is curious, but the chief inducement for its insertion was, as before mentioned, the same singular stanza, and uncouth language, which distinguish *Gawan and Gologras*; and the consequent hope that it may receive and yield more illustra-

* The prophecy mentioned in this poem, p. 163, is not a little singular.

tion in this collection, than it could otherwise have, if not permitted to perish with other curious reliques of antiquity.

Having thus briefly discussed the contents of these volumes, the editor hopes he will be pardoned for a few miscellaneous remarks on old Scottish poems; as this is most probably the last opportunity he shall find of making any additional observations on that subject.

One Scottish poem, called *Rauf Collyear*, printed at Edinburgh 1572. 12mo. he wished to insert in this collection, but could not discover a copy: it is mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaint of Scotland*. 1549, 12mo. among the 'stories' or histories, and 'flet taylis' or romances: (*Maitland Poems*, p. 543). For *Skail Gillenderfon*, another tale there mentioned, the reader is referred to Winton's *Chronicle*; and for the tale of *Sir Walter the bold Lestly* to *Fordun*. Many of the pieces, mentioned by Wedderburn, are published, or of little consequence: those of which the loss is chiefly to be regretted are, besides the two above-mentioned,

The tayl of the wolf of the warldis end.

The tayle of the reyde Eyttyyn with the thre heydis,

"On fut by Forth as I could found."

The tail of the thre futtit dog of Norroway.

The tail of Floremond of Albanye.

The tail of the Pure Tynt.

The tayl of the yong Tamlene, and of the bald Brand.

Sir

Sir Egeir and Syr Gryme.

Opheus kyng of Portingale.

The tail of the thre Weird Syffirs.

The following pieces have come to the Editor's knowledge since the publication of the List of Scottish Poets in the Maitland Poems.

"*Ane Treatise callit the Court of Venus dividit into four buikis. Newlie compylit be Johne Rolland in Dalkeith. Imprintit at Edinburgh by Johne Ros.*" 1575, 4to. The poet walks out on Valentine's day: hears a dispute between a 'sad lover and a younkeir,' for and against love; interspersed with Latin texts of scripture: the description of the dresses of the speakers is the only part in the poem worth republishing. In the second book the author enumerates heroes, the Ten Sybils, &c. It is a pedantic and absurd piece. Another poem of Rolland's, the *Seven Sages*, (Maitland Poems, p. cxx.) is a translation of the noted romance of Erasmus, by some said to have been written in the Indian language by Sandabir, but, from the names and manner, more probably composed by a Greek in the middle ages. In Latin it is not uncommon. Hebert, a French poet, translated it into French rime in the reign of Louis VIII. as Maffieu informs us. For further particulars concerning this performance see Fabricii Bibl. Gr. x. 339; Crescimbeni, vol. I. p. 332, seq. An Italian translation, Venice 1565, 12mo. is now before me.

"The *History of Judith*, &c. translated from the French of Du Bartas, by Thomas Hudson. Edinburgh, Vautrolier, 1584," 12mo. elegantly printed.

"The

"The tragical *death of Sophonisba* written by David Murray, Scoto-Britan. London, 1611," 4to. Dedicated to Henry Prince of Wales, with commendatory verses by Michael Drayton prefixt; and about twenty-eight sonnets subjoined, under the title of *Cælia*. This the editor has not seen *.

"The famous Historie of *Penardo and Laiffa*, otherwise called the Warre of Love and Ambition, doone in heroik verse by Patrick Gordon, Dort, 1615," 12mo. Only Book I. Rare to excess; nor can more than two copies be discovered, one in the Editor's possession, another in that of an anonymous correspondent in Scotland. The author was probably so ashamed of it as to quash the edition; for it is the most puerile mixture of all times, manners, and religions, that ever was published: for instance, the Christian religion is put as that of ancient Greece!

The edition of *Drummond's Poems*, 1616, (Maitland p. cxxiv.) is in the editor's hands, and bears 'the second edition' in the title: but the first edition appears to have consisted only of detached poems, (see the author's life in the folio edition), now lost from the fugitive form in which they appeared. At the end of this copy are his *Flowers of Sion*, or spiritual poems, printed 1623; and his *Cypress Grove*. The whole impression does honour to the Scottish press of that period.

* Henryson's Testament of Cresseid, erroneously ascribed to Chaucer, is printed at Edinburgh, 1611, 4to.

Nisbet in his heraldry, vol. I. p. 335, mentions a book of curious poems by *Patrick Hannay*, a Scottish gentleman, printed in 1622, with his portrait and arms.

Anna Hume's *Triumphs of Love, Chastity, and Death*. Edin. (about 1645) 12mo. Translated from *Petrarca*. Decent.

The "*Flying betwixt Montgomerie* (author of the *Cherry and the Slae*) and *Polwart*." Glasgow 1665, 8vo. This is another scolding, like that of Kennedy and Dunbar.

Scotish songs with the Music. By *John Forbes*, Aberdeen, 1682, 3d edition. This the editor wishes much to see.

Sir Thomas Urquhart in his *Jewel* mentions *Drummond*, *Wishart*, (author of the life of *Montrose*?) and *Ogilby*, the translator of *Virgil* and *Æsop*, as good Scottish poets.

Colville's Scotch Hudibras was printed at Edinburgh, 1695, 8vo. A *Colonel Cleland* wrote some poems in the same style. Edinb. 1697, 8vo.

Meston's Poems, called the *Knight of the Kirk*, and *Mother Grim's Tales*. An edition titled the *Sixth*, tho it be doubtful if another be known, is of Edinb. 1767, 12mo. He was born in 1688, and professor at Aberdeen: was a Jacobite, and in the battle of *Sherifmuir*, 1715. He imitates *Colvil*; and is a very poor poet.

The poems of *Alexander Nicol*, school-master, Edinb. 1766, 12mo. consist of Scottish songs, &c.

In the edition of *Barbour's Bruce*, London, 1790, vol. I. p. xx, xxi, some extracts are given from *Winton*,

men-

mentioning a *Hucheon* of the *Aule Ryall*, who wrote the romances of Arthur and Gawan, and the Epistle of Sufanna. As from Nisbet, I. p. 389, II. 115, &c. it appears that *Hucheon* was the old Scottish mode of *Hugh*, a suspicion arises that this poet is Sir Hew of Eglinton, mentioned by Dunbar as preceding Winton in time, for his 'lament' is often chronological. However this be, no other Hucheon is known in the bibliography of romances*.

David Hume, in his valuable history of the House of Douglas, Edinb. 1614 †, London, 1657, folio, mentions some old Scottish poems; as that on the death of the Lord of Liddale, 1353.

The countess of Douglas—out of her bower she came, &c. with three lines more, and other particulars of the song. (Vol. I. p. 143, last ed.) The song of Chevy Chase he observes, I. 195, is fictitious; and he gives the first stanza of a Scottish song on the battle of Otterburn,

It fell about the Lammas tide, &c.

* In the List of Scottish Poets, p. lxxvi. there is a ludicrous mistake, originating from the singularity of the colophon, which has also misled the librarian in the title. The Romance of Tristram is said to be the work of *Seult Labonde de Cornoualle*, by which the Editor understood *Cornouaille*, a part of Bretagne anciently so called: but the colophon only implies the end of the romance of Tristram, [and] *de Seult*, &c. "of Ifeult or Ifolda the Fair of Cornwall," his mistress.

† Bishop Nicolson records an edition of 1617; surely an error, for Heriot's Hospital is mentioned, II. 229, which was not begun till 1624.

See also I. 288, the verses on the murder of Earl Douglas, 1440. In vol. I. p. 57, he informs us that Barbour was rewarded, for his life of Bruce, by a pension *during his life*, which he gave to the hospital of Aberdeen, "to which it is allowed, and paid still in our days." Is the matter, thus wrapt in folkcism, true?

That curious poem, *the Battle of Harlaw*, must from its manner have been written soon after the event in 1414.

In the work called Bishop Elphinston's History, in the Bodleian library, there are two Scottish poems at the end of the reign of James I, which closes the volume. One is intituled "*Lamentatio Delphini Franciæ pro morte uxoris*," [1445.] The other a moral piece on government, "*Richt as all stringis ar cupillit in ane harpe*," &c.

The editor some time ago procured from a learned friend, now visiting the classical scenes of Egypt, Syria, and Greece, a collation of the *King's Quair* of James I. published by Mr. Tytler, with the original MS. The variations exceed three hundred. The MS. is preserved in a small folio in the Bodleian Library, (Seld. Archiv. B. 24.), which volume contains several of Chaucer's poems. To extract a few of these variations, the ϕ , Canto I. ft. iv. is a p. xi. 6, delete *my*. xii. 3, This—It. xv, 6, warldis—wawis, [wave's]. xviii, 2, doubtfulness—doubilness. Canto II. ft. I. 1. vere—ver. ii, 4, confort—freschnesse. v. 1, wevis—wawis. xvii, 3, lue—lyf. xvii, 7, one—me. xxiii, 2, out—forth. xlii, 4, to—o (too) to. xlix, 3, ze—ya. Canto III. i, 2, at—that. xxiv, 5, moyt—mo that. xxvii, 5
treue

PRELIMINARIES. xxxvii

treue—trige. xxx, 4, thir—the. xxxiv, 7, *delete* God. xxxv, 7, hir—hir grace. xxxvi, 7, doken—doken foule. xxxvii, 7, purcrefs—pere. xxxviii, 5, one goddesse—bene goddess. xlv, 2, freschefts—fiescheft. Canto IV. xii, 6, fatoure—fatoure, (feator, treator). xiv, 6, gilt are—gilt. And. xxiii, 2, That zour—That all your. Canto V. v, 7, hortis—wortis (col vorts). Canto VI. v. 6, afort—afort. vi, 4, lefe—lift. x, 1, feyne—feyne. xiii, 2, lyfe—lufe. xv, 5, flour—flouris. A final *e* is added to many words, when it does not occur in the MS.

It is hoped that the reader will pardon the insertion of these variations, most of which are essential to the sense, as the editor has abandoned his design of publishing the works of our chief Scottish poets, especially since neat editions of some of them have appeared, printed by the Morisons at Perth. The present collection affords materials to complete those of Douglas and Lindsay. Drummond's poems * the editor may possibly publish at some future period, properly arranged, and with notes explaining his use of the Italian poets.

To the observations on *Wedderburn's Complaint of Scotland*, (Maitland Poems, p. 543), may be added that he seems the same Wedderburne who wrote *Psalmes and Ballads of Godlie purposes*, mentioned in Mr. John Row's church history, and Melville's Life, MS. works of the

* A miserable edition of these poems has lately appeared at London, in which the omission of half a sheet is one of the errors.

xxxviii PRELIMINARIES.

beginning of the seventeenth century. Of this singular book Lord Hailes published a specimen, from a late edition by Andro Hart 1597. Many of these pious songs begin with scraps of profane ones : among those not extracted by Lord Hailes are;

Till our gudeman, till our gudeman,
Keip faith and love till our gudeman,
For our gudeman *in bevin dois reign*, &c.

Johne cum kis me now, Johne cum kis me now,
Johne cum kis me by and by, and mak na mair ado;
The Lord thy God I am, &c.

Quho is at my windo, who, who?
Go from my windo, goe, goe!
Quha callis there, so like an stranger,
Goe from my windo, goe!
Lord I am heir, &c.

Intil ane mirthful May morning,
Quhen Phebus up did springe,
Waking I lay, in a garding gay,
Thinkand on Christ, &c.

Downe by yond river I ran,
Downe by yond river I ran,
Thinkand in Christ, &c.

Gryvous is my sorrow,
Baith at evin and morrow,
Unto myself alone.
Thus Christ, &c.

Musing greil:lie in my mind, &c.
Alace that same sweit face, &c.

All

P R E L I M I N A R I E S. xxxix

All my love leife mee not,
 Leife mee not, leife mee not,
 All my love leife mee not,
 Thus mine allone, &c.

For love of one I make my moan,
 Right secretlie, &c.

All my hart, ay this is my fang,
 With doubil mirth, and joy amang, &c.

My luvè murnes for me, for me,
 My luvè that murnes for me, &c.

Allone I weip in greit distrefs, &c.

Several of these songs are mentioned in the Complaint of Scotland, (Select Scottish Ballads, vol. II. p. xxx); and, as the author of that work seems to incline to the Reformation, an additional argument arises that Wedderburn was the father of both works.

The Plates in the Second and Third Volumes of this collection are taken, in fac-simile, from a scarce French work on the dresses of all nations, intituled *Recueil de la diversité des habits qui sont de present en usage*, &c. Paris, 1562, 12mo. The figures of the Lowlanders are prefixt to Lindsay's Play, in which many allusions are found to the dress of the times. Those of the Highlanders are assigned to the third volume, containing the Houlat, in which the Irish bard is no inconspicuous figure. The verses in the original work, under each print are as follow.

1. *L'Es-*

1. *L'Escoffois.*

Il faut, lecteur, que tout certain tu sois,
 Quant tu verras ce pourtrait de tes yeux,
 Que c'est l'habit que porte l'Escoffois,
 Qui n'est par trop mondain, ne curieux.

2. *L'Escoffoise.*

Si vous baiffez l'oeil dessus ce portrait,
 Pour bien sçavoir d'Escoffoise la forme,
 Cestvy cy est au naturel conforme,
 Comme voyez qu'au vif il est pourtrait.

3. *La Sauvage d'Escoffe.*

Si tu mets l'oeil dessus ceste figure,
 A celle fin que certain tu en soys,
 C'est la sauvage au pays Escoffois,
 De peaux vestue encontre la froidure.

4. *Le Capitaine Sauvage.*

Vous pourrez voir, entre les Escoffois,
 Tel capitaine faisant la leur seiours ;
 Qui souvent font nuyfance aux Angloys.
 Peu de profit leur fait faire maints tours.

It is to be regreted that the women seem both of mean rank ; but perhaps the Scots did not permit their gallant allies to have much intercourse with those of superior station. The Highland drefs may stagger those who are advocates for the high antiquity of the tartan, and of the present

present mode; and who in their glorious reveries confound a thousand years with one day: but it would be pleasing to find one proof that the present highland dress existed before the year 1562, and the Editor learns, from most respectable authority *, that those, who came from the remote highlands to the rebellion of 1715, were all dressed in a long loose coat only, which was buttoned above, and laced below down to the knees. The woman is here clothed in sheep-skins; the chieftan is distinguished by his freeze mantle, with fringe, in the Irish fashion; his countenance is so characteristic † that there can be little doubt that the French designer had visited Scotland, a country then in constant intercourse with France: and tho there be many works of the kind published in Italy and Germany in the Sixteenth century, yet the Scottish dresses appear in this French work only. The lowland woman's dress is Flemish; the man's almost Norwegian.

* That of the patriotic George Dempster, Esq. of Dunichen, on the information derived from the son of Mr. Ferguson, a clergyman living at the time. This dress is now called a *polonian*: it was of one colour, and home-made: and was, as above mentioned, the sole covering that the body had.

† The hair ought however to have been curled, not lank.

A D D I T I O N S.

In the Choice Collection of Scottish Poems, printed by James Watson, Edinb. 1713, 8vo. three parts, may be found two long poems of little value, written by John Burel, 1590; and several pieces by Sir Robert Aytoun, 1610; with some of the middle of the last century, as is supposed, such as, The Speech of a Fife Laird, The Mare of Collinton, &c. The whimsical poems on Butter's College or public-house, Aberdeen-shire, belong to the years 1699, and 1700.

THE

The thrie Tailes of the thrie Priests of Peblis.

Contayning many notabill examples and sentences
and (that the paper sould not be voide) supplyit
with fundrie merie tailes very pleasant to the
Reader and mair exactlie corrected
than the former Impression.

OVID.

Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

IMPRINTED AT EDINBURGH
be Robert Charteris 1603.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI

Vol. I.

B

T H E P R E F A C E.

IN Peblis town sum tyme, as I heard tell,
 The formest day of Februare, befell
 Thrie Priests went unto collatioun,
 Into ane privie place of the said town,
 Quhair that they sat, richt soft and unfute sair;
 Thay luist not na rangald nor repair:
 And, gif I fall the fuith reckon and say,
 I traist it was upon Sanct Bryd's day.
 Quhair that they sat, full easily and soft;
 With monie lowd lauchter upon loft.
 And, wit ye weil, thir thrie thay maid gude cheir;
 To them thair was na dainteis than too deir:
 With thrie fed capons on a speit with creische,
 With monie uthir sindrie dyvers meis.
 And them to serve thay had nocht bot a boy;
 Fra cumpanie thay keipit them sa coy,
 Thay lust nocht with ladry, nor with lown,
 Nor with trimpours to travel throw the town;
 Both with themself quhat thay wald tel or crak;
 Umquhyle sadlie; umquhyle jangle and jak;
 Thus sat thir thrie besyde ane felloun fyre,
 Quhil thair capons war roistit lim and lyre.
 Befoir them was sone set a Roundel bricht,
 And with ane clene claith, finelie dicht,
 It was ouirset; and on it breid was laid.
 The eldest than began the grace, and said;

B 2

And

And blissit the breid with Benedicite,
 With Dominus Amen, sa mot I the.
 And be thay had drunken about a quarte,
 Than speak ane thus, that Master was in Arte,
 And to his name their callit Johne was he,
 And said sen we ar heir Priests thrie,
 Syne wants nocht, be him that maid the mone,
 Til us wee think ane tail fould cum in tune.
 Than spake ane uther, to name hecht M. Archebald,
 Now, be the hiest Hevin, quod he, I hald
 To tel ane tail, methink, I fould not tyre,
 To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.
 Than spak the thrid, to name hecht S. Williame,
 To grit elargie I can not count nor clame;
 Nor yit I am not travellit, as ar ye,
 In monie fundrie land beyond the see.
 Thairfoir me think it nouthir shame nor fin
 Ane of yow twa the first tail to begin.
 Heir I protest, than spak maister Archebald,
 Ane travellit Clark suppois I be cald,
 Presumpteouslie I think not to presume,
 As I that was never travellit bot to Rome.
 To tel ane tail bot eirar I suppose,
 The first tail tald mot be Maister Johne :
 For he hath bene in monie uncouth land,
 In Portingale, and in Civile the grand ;
 In fyfe kinrikis of Spane al hes he bene ;
 In foure christin, and ane heathin, I wene.
 In Rome, Flanders, and in Venice toun ;
 And other Lands fundrie up and down.

And

And for that he spak first of ane tail,
 Thairfoir to begin he sould not fail.
 Than speiks Maister Johne, now be the Rude,
 Me to begin ane tail sen ye conclude,
 And I deny than had I fair offendit.
 The thing begun the soner it is endit.

The first taile tald be Maister Johne.

A KING thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene;
 As monie in the land befoir had bene.
 This king gart set ane plane Parliament,
 And for the Lords of his kinrik sent:
 And, for the weilfair of his Realme and gyde,
 The thrie Estaits concludit at that tyde.
 The King gart cal to his Palice al thrie,
 The Estaits ilkane in thair degrie.
 The Bishops first, with Prelats and Abbotis,
 With thair Clarks servants, and Varlottis:
 Into ane hall, was large, richt hie, and hudge,
 Thir Prelats all richt lustelie couth iudge.
 Syne in ane hal, ful fair farrand,
 He ludgit al the Lords of his Land.
 Syne in ane Hal, was under that ful clene,
 He harbourit al his Burgeffis rich and bene.
 Sa of thir thrie Estaits, al and sum,
 In thir thrie Hals he gart the wyfeli cum.
 And of thair mery cheir quhat mak I mair?
 Thay fuir als weil as onie folk nicht fair.
 The King himself come to this Burgeffis bene;
 And thir words to them carps I wene,

And says, Welcum Burgeffis, my beild and bliſt
 Quhen ye fair weil I ma na mirths mis.
 Quhen that your ſhips halds hail and ſound,
 In riches gudes and weilfair I abound.
 Ye ar the caus of my life, and my cheir,
 Out of far Lands your Marchandice cums heir.
 Bot ane thing is, for ſhort, the cauſe quhy
 Togidder heir yow gart cum have I.
 To yow I have ane queſtioun to declair,
 Quhy Burges bairns thryves not to the thrid air ?
 Bot caſts away it that thair eldars wan.
 Declair me now this queſtioun, gif ye can ;
 To yow I gif this queſtioun, al and ſum,
 For to declair againe the morne I cum.
 Urto his Lords than cumen is the King,
 Dois gladlie al he ſaid baith old and ying :
 My luſtie Lords, my Leiges, and my lyfe,
 I am in ſturt quhen that ye ar in ſtryfe.
 Quhen ye have peace, and quhen ye have pleaſance,
 Than I am glade, aad derſlie may I dance.
 Ane heid dow not on bodie ſtand allane,
 Forout members, to be of micht and mane ;
 For to uphald the bodie and the heid ;
 And ſickerlie to gar it ſtand in ſteid.
 Thairfoir, my Lords, and my Barrouns bald,
 To me alhail ye ar help and uphald.
 And now I will ye wit, with diligence,
 Quhairfoir that I gart cum ſic confluence :
 And quhy ye Lords of my Parliament
 I have gart cum, I will tell my intent.

Ane

Ane questioun I have, ye mon declair,
 That in my minde is ever mair and mair;
 Quhairfoir, and quhy, and quhat is the cais,
 Sa worthie Lords war in myne elders dayis;
 Sa full of fredome, worship, and honour,
 Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour.
 And now in yow I find the hail contrair?
 Thairfoir this dout and questioun ye declair.
 And it declair, under the hiest pane;
 The morne this tyme quhen that I cum agane.
 THAN till his Clergie came this nobil King;
 Welcum Bishops he said, with my blissing;
 Welcum my beidmen, my blesse, and al my beild;
 To me ye ar baith Helmeit, Speir, and Scheild.
 For richt as Moyse stude upon the Mont,
 Prayand to God of Hevin, as he was wont;
 And richt sa, be your devoit orisoun,
 Myne enemies sould put to confusioun,
 Ye ar the gainest gait, and gyde, to God;
 Of al my Realme ye ar the rewl and rod.
 It that ye dome think it sould be done;
 Quhen that ye shrink I have one sunyie sone.
 Thus be yow ay ane example men tais:
 And as ye say than al and fundrie sayis:
 It that ye think richt, or yit resoun,
 To that I can nor na man have chesoun,
 And that ye think unresoun, or wrang,
 Wee al and fundrie sings the famin sang.
 Bet ane thing is I wald ye understude,
 The cause into this place for to conclude,

Quhairfoir and quhy I gart yow hidder cum,
 My Clargie, and my Clarks, al and fum;
 To yow I have na uther tail, nor theame,
 Exceptand to yow Bishops a probleame;
 Quhilk is to me ane questioun and dout;
 Out of my mind I wald ye put it out.
 That is to say, Quhairfoir and quhy
 In auld times and days of ancestry,
 Sa monie Bishops war, and men of kirk,
 Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk.
 And throw thair prayers, maid to God of micht,
 The dum men spak; the blind men gat their sight;
 The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
 War nane in bail bot weill thay culd them beir.
 To feik folks, or into fairnes fyne,
 Til al thay wald be mendis, and medecyne.
 And quhairfoir now in your tyme ye warie;
 As thay did than quhairfoir sa may not ye;
 Quhairfoir may not ye as thay did than?
 Declair me now this questioun, gif ye can.

To the Burgeffis.

VPON the morne, efter service and meet,
 The King came in, and sat down in his seat,
 Into the hal, amang the Burges men;
 With him ane Clark, with ink, paper, and pen.
 And bad them that thay fould, foroutin mair,
 His questioun reid, affolye, and declair.
 And the Burgeffis, that this questioun weil knew,
 Hes ordaned ane wyfe man, and ape trew,

The

P E B L I S.

The questioun to reid foroutin fail.
And he stude up, and this began his tail.

The answeir to the first questioun.

EXCELLENT hie, richt mighty prince, and King!
Your Hienes heir wald faine wit of this thing,
Quhy burges bairnis thryvis not to the thrid air;
Can never thryve bot of al baggis is bair.
And ever mair that is for to say,
It that thair eldars wan thay cast away?
This questioun declair ful weill I can:
Thay begin not quhair thair fathers began.
Bot, with ane heily hart, baith doft and derft,
Thay ay begin quhair that thair fathers left.
Of this mater largelie to speik mair,
Quhy that thay thryve not to the thrid air;
Becaus thair fathers purelie can begin;
With hap, and halfpenny, and a lambs skin.
And purelie ran fra toun to toun on feit;
And than richt oft wetshod, werie, and weit.
Quhilk at the last, of monie smals, couth mak
This bonie pedder ane gude fute pak.
At ilkane fair this chapman ay was fund;
Quhil that his pak was wirth fourtie pund.
To beir his pak, quhen that he feillit force,
He bocht ful sone ane mekil stalwart hors.
And at the last so worthelie up wan,
He bocht ane eart to carie pot and pan;
Baith Flanders coffers, with counters and kist;
He wox a grand rich man or anie wist.

And syne unto the town, to-sel and by,
 He held a chop to sel his chaffery.
 Than bocht he wol, and wyselie couth it wey,
 And efter that sone saylit he the sey;
 Than come he hame a verie potent man;
 And spousit syne a michtie wyfe richt than.
 He sailit over the sey sa oft and oft
 Quhil at the last ane semelie ship he coft.
 And waxe sa ful of warldis welth and win;
 His hands he wish in ane silver basyn.
 Foroutin gold or silver into burde,
 Wirth thrie thousand pund was his copburde.
 Riche was his gounis with uther garments gay;
 For sonday silk, for ilk day grene and gray.
 His wyfe was cumlie cled in scarlet reid.
 Scho had na dout of depth of ail nor breid.
 And efter that, within a twentie yeir,
 His sone gat up ane stelwart man, and steir.
 And efter that this burges we of reid
 Deit, as we mon do al indeid.
 And fra he was deid than come his sone,
 And enterit in the welth that he had wone.
 He steppit not his steps in the streit,
 To win this welth; nor for it was he weit.
 Quhen he wald sleip, he wantit not a wink
 To win this welth: na for it sweit na swink.
 Thairfoir that lichtlie cums wil lichtlie ga.
 To win this welth he had na work, nor wa.
 To win this gude he had not ane il houre;
 Quhy sould he have the sweit had not the soure?

Upon

Upon his fingers with riche rings on raw,
 His mother not tholir the reik on him to blaw.
 And wil not heir, for very shame and sin,
 That ever his father sald ane sheip skin.
 He wald him sayne with Benedicite
 Quha spak of onie degrading of his degrie,
 With twa men and ane varlot at his bak;
 And ane libberly ful lytil to lak;
 With ane wald he baith wod and wraith
 Quha at him speirit how sald he the claith?
 At hasard wald he derflic play at dyse;
 And to the taverne eith he was to tye.
 Thus wist he never of wa, bot ay of weil,
 Quhil he had slielic slidden fra his seil;
 Syne to the court than can he mak repair,
 And fallow him syne to ane Lords air.
 He weips nocht for na warld's welth, nor win,
 Quhil drink and dyce have pourit him to the pin.
 He can not mak be craft to win ane eg;
 Quhat ferlie is thoch burges bairnes beg?
 And, Sir, this is the caus, as I declair,
 Quhy burges bairnes thrives not to the thrid air.
 Weil, quod the King, thow serves thy rewaird;
 For wyselie hes thow this questioun declaird.
 Sir Clark, tak ink, with pen on paper wryte;
 And as he said thow dewlie put on dyte.
 THAN to his Lords cum is this nobil king,
 Defyrand for to wit the solyeing
 Of this questioun, this probleame, and this dout,
 The quhilks Lords had al than round about,

Advysellic,

Advyseltie, as weil it sould accord,
 Thair language laid upon ane agit Lord.
 The quhilk stude up, and rich wyselie did vail
 Unto the King, and this began his taill.

The answers to the second questioun.

EXCELLENT hie, richt mighty Prince and sure !
 Ay at your call we ar, under your cure.
 And now sen ye have gart us hither cum,
 This dout for to declair, baith al and sum,
 That is to say, the cause quhairfoir and quhy
 Sic worthie Lords war in dayis gane by ;
 Sa ful of fredome, worship, and honour,
 Hardie in hart, to stand in everie stour :
 And now in us, ye meine ay mair and mair
 Into your tyme ye find the hail contrair ?
 Sir, this it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy :
 Your Justice ar sa ful of sucquedry ;
 Sa covetous, and ful of avarice,
 That thay your Lords impaires of thair pryce.
 Thay dyte your lords, and heryis up your men :
 The theif now fra the leillman quha can ken ?
 Thay wryte up leill, and fals, baith al and sum ;
 And dytes them under ane pardoun.
 Thus, be the husbandman never sa leil,
 He dytit is, as ane theif is to stell.
 Thay luke to nocht bot gif ane man have gude ;
 And it I trow man pay the Justice fude :
 The theif ful weill he wil himself overby ;
 Quhen the leill man into the lack wil ly.

The

The leil man for to compone wil nocht consent,
Becaus he waits he is ane innocent.
Thus ar the husbands dytit al but dout ;
And heryit quyte away al around about.
Sumtyme, quhen husbandmen went to the weir,
Thay had ane jack, ane bow, or els ane speir :
And now befoir quhair thay had ane bow,
Ful faine he is on bak to get ane fow.
And, for ane jak, ane raggit cloke hes tane ;
Ane sword, sweir out, and roustie for the rane.
Quhat sould sic men to gang to ane hoist,
Lyker to beg than enemies to boist ?
And your Lords, fra thair tennantes be puir,
Of gold in kist na koffer has na cuir.
Fra thay be al puir that ar them under ;
Thoch tha be puir your Lords is na wonder :
For ritche husbands, and tenants of grit nicht,
Helps ay thair Lords to hald thair richt.
And quhen your Lords ar puir, this to conclude,
Thay sel thair sonnes and airs for gold and gude ;
Unto ane mokrand carle, for dereft pryse,
That wist never yit of honour, nor gentryse.
This worship, and honour of linage,
Away it weirs thus for thair disparage.
Thair manheid, and thair mense, this gait thay murle ;
For mariage thus unyte of ane churle.
The quhilk wist never of gentrie, na honour,
Of fredome, worship, vassalage, nor valour.
This is the cause dreidles, for withoutin dout,
Fra al your Lords how honour is al out,

And

And thus my Lords bade me to yow say,
 How honour, fredome, and worship, is away;
 THAN spak the King, your conclusion is quaint;
 And thairattour ye mak to us a plaint:
 And in your sentenee thus ye meine to say
 Leil men ar hurt, and theifis gets away:
 And thus methink ye meine justice is smuird;
 Your tennants, and your leill husbands, ar puird;
 And, quhan that thay ar puird, than ar ye pure
 The quilk to yow is baith charge and cure;
 That ye for gold baith wed and wage;
 Ye sel your sones and aires-mariage
 To cairls of kynde; and, bot for thair riches,
 In quhom is na nurture, nor nobilnes,
 Fredome, worship, manheid, nor honout,
 The quhilk to us and yow is dishonour.
 In fame kil thus shortly I conclude,
 As ye that ar descendand of our blude,
 For the quhilk thing I will ye understand,
 With God's grace, wee tak it upon hand,
 To sef or this as resoun can remeid;
 In tyme to cum thair of thair be na pleid:
 With our Justice thair sal pas ane Doctour,
 That lufis God, his faul, and our honour.
 The quhilk sal be ane Doctour in the Law,
 That sal the faith of veritie weil know:
 And fra hence furth he sal baith heir and se
 Baith theif puneish, and leil men live in lie:
 For weil I wait thair can be na war thing
 Than covetyce, in Justice, or in King,

Efter this tail in us ye fal not taint;
 Nor yit of our Justice to mak ane plaint.
 And afterward sa did this King but chéssoun;
 On him nicht na man plenie of ressoun.
 Syne bad his Clark, but onie variance,
 Wryte this in his buik of remembrance.
 THAN to the Clergie came this nobill king
 Of his questioun to heir the absolving.
 And thay, as men of wisdome in al wark,
 Had laid thair speich upon ane cunning clark.
 The quhilk in vaine in scule had not tane grie;
 In al science sevin he was an A per-se:
 And in termes short, and sentence fair,
 The questioun began for to declair.
 That is to say quhairfoir and quhy,
 In auld times and dayes of ancestry,
 Sa monie Bishops war and men of kirk
 Sa grit wil had ay gude warkes to wirk;
 And throw thair prayers, maid to God of nicht,
 The dum men spak; the blind men gat thair sight;
 The deif men heiring; the cruikit gat thair feit;
 Was nane in bail bot weil thay could them beir.
 And quhairfoir now al that cuir can warie,
 Methink ye mene quhairfoir sa may not we?
 And thus it is your quodlibet and dout,
 Ye gave to us, to reid, and gif it out.

The answer to the thrid questioun.

THIS is the caus, richt nichtie King! at short,
 To your Hiennes as we sal thus report.

The

The lawit folkes this law wald never ceis
 But with thair use, quhen Bishops war to cheis
 Unto the kirk thay gadred, auld and ying,
 With meik hart, fasting and praying;
 And prayit God, with words not in waist,
 To send them wit down, be the halie Gaist,
 Quhan them amang was onie Bishop deid,
 To send to them ane Bishop in his steid.
 And yet amang us ar fund wayis thrie
 To cheis ane Bishope, after ane uther die.
 That is to say the way of the halie Gaist,
 Quhilk takin is of micht and vertue maist.
 The second is, by way of electioun,
 Ane Parfone for to cheis of perfectioun,
 In that cathedral kirk, and in that se,
 In place quhair that Bishope suld chosen be:
 And gif thair be nane abil thair that can
 That office weil steir, quhat sal thay than
 Bot to the thrid way to ga forthi?
 Quhilk is callit (via scrutavi)
 That is to say, in al the realme and land,
 Ane man to get for that office gainand.
 Bot thir thrie wayis, withoutin ony pleid,
 Ane sould we cheis after ane uther's deid.
 Bot, fir, now the contrair wee find,
 Quhilk puts al our heavines behind.
 Now sal thair nane, of thir wayis thrie,
 Be chosen now ane Bishope for to be;
 Bot that your micht and Majestie wil mak
 Quhatever he be, to loife or yit to lak;

Than

Than heyly to sit on the rayne-bow.
 Thir Bishops cums in at the north window;
 And not in at the dur, nor yit at the yet:
 Bot over waine and quheil in wil he get.
 And he cummis not in at the dur,
 God's pleuch may never hald the fur.
 He is na Hird to keip thay fely sheip;
 Nocht bot ane tod in ane lambskin to creip.
 How fould he kyth mirakil, and he sa evil?
 Never bot by the dysmel, or the devil.
 For, now on dayes, is nouthar riche nor pure
 Sal get ane kirk, al throw his literature.
 For science, for vertew, or for blude,
 Gets nane the kirk; bot baith for gold and gude.
 Thus, greit excellent King! the halie Gaist
 Out of your men of gude away is chaist:
 And, war not that doutles I yow declair,
 That now as than wald hail baith seik and fair.
 Sic wickednes this world is within,
 That symonie is countit now na fin.
 And thus is the caus, baith al and sum,
 Quhy blind men sicht, na heiring gets na dum.
 And thus is the caus, the fuith to say,
 Quhy hālines fra kirkmen is away.
 Than, quod the King, well understand I yow.
 And heir to God I mak ane aith and vow;
 And to my crown, and to my cuntrie to;
 With kirk-gude fal I never have ado,
 It to dispone to lytil or to large;
 Kirkmen to kirk sen they have al the charge.

Vol. I.

C

Than

Than had this nobil King lang tyme and space;
 And in his tyme was mekil luk and grace.
 His Lords honourit him efter thair degrie;
 The Husbands peice had and tranquillitie;
 The Kirk was frie quhil he was in his lyfe;
 The Burges sones began than for to thryfe.
 And efter long was never king more wyfe:
 And levit, and deit, and endit in God's servise.
 And than spak al that fellowship, but fail,
 God and Sanct Martyne quyte yow of your tail.
 And than spak Maister Archebald fallis we
 Gude tail or evil, quhider that ever it be.
 Thus, as I can, I sal it tel but hyre,
 To hald my fute out of this felloun fyre.

The second taill tald be M. Archebald.

A KING thair was sumtyme, and eik a Queene,
 As monie in the land befoir had bene.
 The king was fair in persoun, fresh and fors;
 Ane feirie man on fute, or yit on hors.
 And nevertheles feil falts him befell:
 Hee luifit over weil yong counsel:
 Yong men he luifit to be him neist;
 Yong men to him thay war baith Clark and Preist.
 Hee luifit nane was ald, or ful of age;
 Sa did he nane of sad counsel nor sage.
 To sport and play, quhyle up, and quhylum doun,
 To al lichtnes ay was he redie boun.
 Sa ouir the sey cummin thair was a clark,
 Of greit science, of voyce, word, and wark:

And drest him, with al his besynes;
 Thus with this king to mak his recidens.
 Weil saw he with this king nicht na man byde,
 Bot thay that wald al fadnes set on fyde.
 With club, and bel, and partie cote with eiris,
 He feinyeit him ane fule, fond in his feiris.
 French, Dutche, and Italie yit als,
 Weil could he speik, and Latine feinye fals.
 Unto the kirk he came, befor the king,
 With club, and cote, and monie bel to ring.
Dieu gard, fir king, I bid nocht hald in hiddil;
 I am to yow als sib as feif is to ane riddil.
 Betwixt us twa mot be als mekil grace,
 As frost and snaw fra Yule is unto Pace.
 Wait yee how the Frenche man sayis syne,
Nul bon, he sayis, *monfieur sans pyne*.
 With that he gave ane loud lauchter on loft:
 Honour, and eis, fir, quha may have for nocht?
 Cum on thy way, fir king, now for Sanct Jame,
 Thow with me, or I with the, gang hame.
 Now be Sanct Katherine, quod the king, and smyld;
 This fule hes monie waverand word, and wyld.
 Cum hame with mee: thow sal have drink ynouch.
Grand mercy, quod the fuill agane, and leuch.
 Now quod the king, fra al dulnes and dule
 Wee may us keip, quhil that wee have this fuil.
 He feinyeit him a fuil in deid and word;
 The wyser man the better can be bourd.
 Quhil at the last this fuil was callit alway
 Fuil of fuiles, and that ilk man wald say,

Thus was this fuil ay stil with the King,
 Quhil he had weil confidderit, in al thing,
 The conditions, use, manner, and the gyle,
 And coppingit weil the king on his best wyse.
 Sa fel it on a day this nobil king
 Unto ane cietie raid for his sporting :
 This fuil perfavit weil the King wald pas.
 Unto ane uther cietie, as it was,
 He tuke his club, and ane table, in his hand,
 For to prevene the tyme he was gangand.
 Sa be the way ane woundit man fand he ;
 And with this fuil war runners, twa or thrie,
 Sum of the court, and sum of the kitchene,
 And saw ane man, but Leiche or Medycene,
 Sa fair woundit nicht nouthar ga nor fleir :
 At him this fuil con al the caus speir.
 He answered, and said, rever and theif,
 Thou hes me hurt, and brocht me in mischeif.
 With that his wounds war fillit ful of fleis,
 As ever in byke theair biggit onie beis.
 Than ane of them, that had pitie, can pray
 That he mot skar they felloun fleis away.
 Than spak the fuil and said, lat them be now man ;
 For thay ar ful ; the hungry wil cum than.
 For thir dois nocht bot fits, as thou may se ;
 For thay ar als ful as thay may be :
 Be thir away it is evil, and na gude,
 The hungrie fleis wil cum and souk his blude.
 The offer that thir fleis away be cheist,
 The new fleis will mair of his blude wait :

And

And draw his blude, and souk him fine fa fair;
 Thairfoir lat them alane; skar them na mair.
 The fair man him beheld, and him he demes,
 And said he was not sik a fuil as he femes.
 Sone, after that ane lytil, came the King,
 With monie man can gladelie sport and sing;
 Ane cow of birks into his hand had he,
 To keip than weil his face fra midge and fle.
 For than war monie fleand up and down,
 Throw kynd of yeir, and hait of that regioun.
 Sa lukit he ane lytil by the way,
 He saw the woundit man, quhair that he lay.
 And to him came he rydand, and can fraine,
 Quhat ailit him to ly and fairly graine?
 The man answered, I have sik sturt,
 For beith with theif and rever I am hurt.
 And yit, suppois I have all the pyne,
 The falt is yowris, fir King, and nathing myne.
 For, and with yow gude counsal war ay cheif,
 Than wald ye stanche weill baith rever and theif.
 Have thow with the, that can weil dance and sing,
 Thow taks nocht thocht thi realms weip and wring.
 With that the King the bob of birks can wave,
 The fleis away out of his woundis to have:
 And than began the woundit man to grane,
 Do nocht sa, fir, allace I am flane.
 How sayis thow, thow tell me quod the King,
 Quhy thow sayis sa I ferly of this thing?
 And sa said al his men, that stude about,
 Thow wald be haill and thay war chafit out.

The fair can say, be him that can us save,
 Your fule, fir King, hes mair wit than ye have.
 And weil I ken, be his phisnomie,
 He hes mair wit nor al your cumpanie.
 My tung is sweir, my bodie hes na strenth,
 Frane at your fule he can tel yow at lenth;
 I am but deid, and I may speik na mair,
 Adew, fir, for I have said: weil mot ye fair.
 Fra this fair man now cummin is the King,
 Havand in mynd great murmour and moving;
 And in his hart greit havines and thocht;
 Sa wantonly in vane al thing he wrocht.
 And how the cuntrie throw him was misfarne,
 Throw yong counsel; and wrocht ay as a barne.
 And yit, as he was droupand thus in dule,
 Of al and al he ferleit of his fule:
 Quhat kynde of man this fuil with him fould be;
 And quhat this fair man be this fuil micht se.
 And quhat it is the caus, quhairfoir and quhy,
 He was wyser than al his cumpany.
 Quhan cummin was the king to that citie,
 Full fast than for his fule frainit he.
 And quhan the king was set down to his meit,
 Unto his fuil gart mak ane semely feit;
 Ane Roundel with ane cleine claith had he,
 Neir quhair the king micht him baith heir and se.
 Than, quod the king, a lytil wie, and leuch,
 Sir fuill, ye ar lordly set aneuch:
 Quhan ye ar ful, quhat cal thay yow and how,
 Sa hamely as ye ar with me now?

Sir

Sir to my name thay cal me fule Fictus,
 Befoir yow as ye may se me sit thus ;
 And of this cuntrie certes am I borne,
 With luk, and grace, and fortoun me beforne.
 Schir fuill, tell me gif that ye saw this day
 Ane woundit man ly granand by the way ?
 Ye, sir, forsuith sik ane man couth I sie :
 And in his wound was monie felloun fie.
 Now, quod the king, sir fuill, to me ye say
 Quhy skarrit ye not thay flies al away ?
 Thocht ye it was ane deid of charitie,
 In seik mans wound for to leife ane fie ?
 Sir, trow me weill, full suith it is I say,
 Better was stil thay fleis, than skarrit away ;
 For gif sa be the fleis away ye skar ;
 Than efter them cums hungriar be far.
 Thairfoir war better let them be, but dout,
 For the full fleis halds the hungrie out.
 The hungrie fie, that never had been thair,
 Scho souks the mans wound sa wonder fair ;
 And quhen the fleis ar ful than byde thay stil,
 And stops the hungrie beis to cum thairtil.
 Bot, sir, allace, methink sa do not ye ;
 Ye ar sa licht and ful of vanitie :
 And sa weil lufis al new things to persew ;
 That ilk sessioun ye get ane servant new.
 Quhat wil the ane now say unto the uthers ?
 Now fleir thy hand myne awin deir brother ;
 Win fast be tyme ; and be nocht liddler :
 For wit thou weil, Hal binks ar ay slidder.

Thairfoir now, quhither wrang it be or richt,
 Now gadder fast, quhil we have tyme and micht.
 Se na man now to the King eirand speik,
 Bot gif we get ane bud ; or ellis we sal it breik.
 And quhan thay ar full of sic wrang win,
 Thay get thair leif: and hungryar cums in.
 Sa sharp ar thay, and narrowlie can gadder,
 Thay pluck the puir, as thay war powand hadder.
 And taks buds fra men baith neir and far ;
 And ay the last ar than the first far war.
 Justice, Crounar, Sariand, and Justice Clark,
 Removes the auld, and new men ay thay mark.
 Thus fla thay al the puir men belly flaucht ;
 And fra the puir taks many felloun fraucht :
 And steirs them, and wait the tyde wil gang,
 Syne efter that far hungrier cums than.
 And thus gait ay the puir folk ar at under :
 This world to sink for sin quhat is it wonder ?
 Thairfoir now, be this exampil we may se,
 That ane new servant is lyke ane hungrie fle.
 Than, quod the King, quhat say ye to our fule,
 Suppois that he had bene ane clark at scule ?
 To God now, quod the King, I mak ane vow,
 Ye ar not sik ane fule as ye let yow.
 Thus wonderit al, the King that sat about,
 And of this fule had ferly, dreid, and dout.
 Thoch he was fule in habit, in al feiris.
 Ane wyfer speik thay hard never with thair eiris.
 Thus ferlyit al thair was, baith he and he,
 Quhat maner of ane thing micht this be :

And

And lyke to ane was nocht into Rome,
 Yit than his word was ful of al wifdome.
 For he as fule began guckit and gend,
 And ay the wyfer man neirar the end.
 And thus the King, and al his cumpany,
 Upon this fuil had wonder and ferly.

Of the slaying of the man.

SYNE efter this ane gentleman percaze
 Had slane ane man, al throw his rakelnes.
 And to the court he come, and tald this thing
 Unto ane man was inward with the King:
 And said, sir, lo I am in the King's grace!
 That hes ane man slane in my fault, allace!
 And wil ye gar the King to that consent,
 For it I sal yow pay, and content.
 This courteour held on this to the king;
 And tald him al this tail to the ending.
 And than the king, for his lufe and instance,
 Bad bring the man that happened that mischance.
 Unto the king his taill quhen he had tald;
 Ful sharplie to this man he could behald:
 Ane semelie man of mak sa semit he.
 To slay that man he thocht ane greit pitie.
 And bad him passe quhair he lykit to ga;
 And be gude man and efter sla na ma.
 Sone efter that, within half a yair,
 Ane uther man he flew withoutin weir.

of

Of the second slayne man.

THAN to the court he cummin is agane,
 Unto this man befor his gold had tane;
 And said, sir, I have slane, allace!
 Ane uther man, throw misfortune and cace.
 And wald ye help me, befor as ye have done,
 Ane sowme of silver ye sould have ful sone:
 Another sowme I fall give to the king;
 Me hartlie to forgive into this thing.
 Help me now, for God's owin deid:
 Nane uther buit at yow bot I get remeid.
 This courteour him answered thus agane,
 This deid to do I am uncertane.
 Quhen that thow slew bot ane, throw rakelnes,
 Of that thow micht have gotten forgivenes:
 Sa may it nocht, quhen thow hes slane thus twa,
 Notwithstanding I wil for the ga;
 The for to help I sal get sik assay;
 And for the do alsmekil as I may.
 Unto the king than come this courteour,
 And lukit weil baith to his tyme and hour:
 He lukit quhan the King was blyth and glad,
 And nocht quhen he was heavie nor sad.
 Ful lawlie set he down upon his kne,
 Lo, sir, he said, ane thing of greit pitie!
 The man that ye forgave, syne halfe ane yeir,
 Another man now hes he slane but weir.
 Ane certane sowme of gold thus sal ye get,
 And ye wald all your crabbitnes foryet.

He

He wepes, and he fichts now sa fair,
 That he sik misse will efter do na mair :
 In all your realme thair is na wichter man;
 Greit pitie is it for to tyne him than.
 Ye may him have, and of his gold and geir,
 He will stand yow in steid in tyme of weir.
 Suppois he hes slane twa, better it is that ye
 Have twa men slane, than thus for to sla thrie.
 Thairfoir heir I beseik yow in this cace
 That ye wald tak him in your gudelie grace.
 The King bad than bring him to his presence,
 And him forgave all fault and offence:
 And bad him ga, and do sik misse na mair;
 Thus tuke this man his leif and hame can fair.
 Syne efterward this man that we of reid
 The thrid man hes he slane yit indeid.

Of the thride slayne man.

THAN to the court agane maid his repair,
 Sik grace to get agane as he did air.
 Sa come hee to the courteour to tell
 His fortoun, and his cace how it befell.
 This courteour to speik wald not spair,
 For yow forsuith, sir, dar I speik na mair:
 Sa oft and oft ye have done sik mischeif;
 I dar not speik it to the king for greif.
 Now be my faul, and sa mot I do weill,
 Is na remeid, als far as I can feill,
 Or quhither that ye sal live the land, allace,
 Or put yow yit into the King's grace.

This

This courteour agane unto the King
Now cummin is, and tald hail this thing;
And how the man, befoir the twa had slane,
The thrid man thus hes he slane agane.
With that the King, quhen that he hard the taill,
In grit greif than wex he wan and pail.
And sweith he said, bring him now heir to me;
Sal neyther gold nor gude let him to die.
Get he my pitie, than God put me out of mynde;
And he wald gif me all the Golden Inde.
Syne gart he bring to him the samyn man,
Set down to judge, to heid or to hang.
This man, that was sa cumbred of this cace,
On kneis fel, and askit the Kings grace:
The king plainly all grace can him deny;
And tald to him the caus, and resfoun quhy.
With that upon ane lytil bony stule
Sat Fictus, that was the Kings fule,
And said, now an ye gar not heid or hang
This man, for them that he slew, it war wrang.
The first man, weil I grant, he slew;
The uther twa in faith them slew yow.
Had thou him puneist, quhan he slew the first,
The uther twa had bene levand I wist:
Thairfoir, allace, this tail, sir, is over trew
For in gude faith the last twa men ye slew.
The Psalmes sayis David war and wyfe
Blis mot thay be that keips law and justice:
Thairfoir I wald that ye sould not presume
Na to have count, upon the day of Dome,

For

For mans body thair to give ane yeild,
 Quhome to ye fould be sickar speir, and sheild,
 Of all the realme, quhom of ye beir the croun,
 Of lawit, and leirit ; riche, pure ; up and down ;
 The quhilk, and thay be flane with mans hand,
 Ane count thairof ye fall gif I warrand ;
 Lesse than it be throw sum grit negligence,
 Quhairin his mercy or in his defence.
 And on the day of Dome, be Sanct Paull,
 The Bishops mon ay answer for the faull ;
 Gif it be lost, for fault of preist or preiching,
 Of the richt treuth it haif na chesing ;
 In sa far as the faull is forthy
 Far worthier is than the blait body ;
 Many Bishops in ilk realme wee see :
 And bot ane King into ane realme to be,
 Thus hes the faull mair work and cure
 Than the body, that is of na valure.
 Be this was said, the King sayis, wa is mee !
 For I am fule of fules weill I see.
 I se weill I have lytil part of scule,
 That thus fould be informit with ane fule :
 I se weil be this taill this fule can tel
 That I had greitly neid of wyse counsell.
 To send for all my Lords I consent ;
 I desyre this to be in Parliament.
 And it be trew my fule hes said me heir,
 I sal weil rewaird him withouttin weir :
 And be it fals, and ful of fantasie,
 Ane fule he is, and fule him hald sal I.

And,

And, throw this fule, this man-slayer did get
Unto the Parliament perfyte respet.
And efter quhan thir Lords al can cum
Unto this Parliament, baith al and sum,
Be al the thrie Estaits it was found,
Confiderand al the mater, crop and ground,
This Fictus, that was callit the fule,
Was wyse in word, thocht he was clark in scule.
The King bad al the thrie Estaits that thay
Sould sit down al, and sic a ganand way,
Quhat men in hous war meit with him to dwell,
Of wisdome for to gif him counsel;
And for to mak, be his Estaits thrie,
Into this realme concordant unitie.
And quhen that al this deid was dewlie done,
The King sweir, be his sceptour and his croun,
That he sould never gif mercie to nane
That slauchter in his realme committit than
Aganis his will, bot throw his negligence,
Or ellis that it be fund in his defence.
And sik ane rewill maid he into his land,
That luck and grace in it was ay growand.
And than this nobill King all lichtnes left;
All bot ane thing that was not fra him rest.
The quhilk for ill touns long had bene:
Ane still strangenes betwixt him and his Queene.
He beddit nocht richt oft, nor lay hir by,
Bot throw lichtnes did lig in lamenry.
SA happenit throw cace, into the toun,
Unto ane burges innis he maid him boun;

Ane

Ane lytill wie befor the feist of Yule,
 In cumpanie bot fyvesum, and his fule.
 This burges had ane dochter to him deir,
 Ane bonie wenche she was, withoutin weir:
 The King on hir he casts his lustie eine,
 And with hir faine wald in ane bed haif bene.
 Hee wist full weill that nane had hee
 That was sa subtill as Fictus was, and flee;
 He callit him, and privilie can say,
 Sik fantesie hes put me in effray,
 I am sa ful of lust and fantesy,
 With this madyn, on benk that sits me by,
 For gold, for gude; for wage, or yit for wed;
 This nicht I wald have hir to my bed.
 Than, quod the fuill, I understand yow weill;
 I tak on hand to do it everie deill.
 Sit still now, sir, wil ye let me allane;
 Be mee this eirand fall be undertane.
 Sone efter, quhan thay war at sport and play,
 The fule came to this bonie prettie may;
 And said, Madyn wist ye of the degrie
 How plesant it is to God virginitie?
 Tak exampill S. Margaret and Katrine;
 And monie uther fants that ar fine:
 In Hevins blesse that hes sik joy and grie,
 With crown on heid, for thair virginitie.
 I wait, for all the gold into this toun,
 Of madynheid ye wald not tyne the croun.
 Bot ay the King went he had besie bene
 Of the mater that was thir twa betwene:

And

And to the virgine yong thus spak the King,
 Quhat my fule sayis a trow be na leving.
 Sir, quod sho, his saw was suffisand;
 And as he sayis I fall do God willand.
 Be that the kings Stewart cummin is
 To have the king to his supper, I wis;
 The king said to his fule in privatie
 Of the eirand, Fictus, how fal it be?
 Now hard yow not hirsself consent thairto,
 That as I said to yow sho hecht to do?
 Bot ane thing have I hecht sickerly
 That nane fal cum about hir, sir, bot I.
 The virgine is bot yong, and thinks shame;
 And is full laith to cum in ane ill name.
 And quhan the kings supper was at end,
 Fictus the fule unto the Queene can wend;
 And to hir said, do my counsel, madame,
 To yow it fall be nouthir fin nor shame.
 A burges dochter, to hir father deir,
 This nicht the King thinks to have but weir,
 And tald hir all the cace, and maner how
 Hir for to have he gart the King weil trow;
 Bot that, be God, that with his blude us bocht,
 With hir to gar him fin was never my thocht.
 The King commands to his chief Chalmerlane
 Quhan ever I cum with hir I be intane;
 And in his bed fal prively in creip,
 Quhil that the king fal cum thair and sleip;
 And privelie thus, be the day agane,
 Away with me the madyn fal be tane.

Thairfoir,

Thairfoir, madame, for God be not agast,
 About your heid your cloke clenlie cast :
 Quhairfoir sould ye dout or be a drad ?
 Is nane bot ye sould bruik the King's bed.
 The warst may fall, suppose it wittin war,
 Methocht he hang yow wil he never skar.
 And thus is my counsel, Madame, ye do.
 In faith, quod sho, and I consent thairto.
 All thus and thus befoir as ye have hard
 The Queene is brocht unto the king's bed ;
 The quhilk all nicht in uthers arms lay ;
 Quhat man to tel of al thair sport and play ?
 The king thocht never nicht to him so short ;
 Sa lykit he that nichts play and sport.
 And on the morne, a lytil befoir day,
 The fule came in and tuke the Queene away.
 And thus and thus, efter nichts thrie,
 With his awin Queene grit gaming had and glie ;
 And west he wend that it had bene but weir
 That with him lay the burges dochter deir ;
 Quhome throw he had sik joy and sik plesance,
 Quhilk maid him ay the fule for to avance.
 Sa was the King sa amorat of his fule,
 Besyde himself ay sat upon a stule.
 Was never yet mair joy and plesance sene
 Than the king hes in bed with his awin queene.
 And that was na grit ferly to befall,
 For sho was fair, and gude, and yong withal,
 And thus the fule, quben he persaving had
 How that the king sa joyful was and glade,

Unto the king he came in privitie,
And said, now, sir, ane thing that ye tel me;
Quhairfor it is the cace fane wit wald I
Quhy that ye have in yow sik fantasy
To ly with wemen, and of law degrie,
Aganis your Quen's wil and majestie?
Considerand weil that slio is fair and gude,
With ilkane uther bewtie to conclude.
Or quhy at hir ye have al this despyte?
And quhy ye find in uthers sik delyte?
Or quhat plesance ye had thir nichts thrie,
With your awin Queene in bed than mair to be?
The king answered, and said, now sickarly
I cannot tel the resoun, caus, nor quhy,
Fictus, my fule, with the na mair to flyte,
Bot wantonlie ay followes my appetyte.
And quhan that my delyte is upon uther,
Than mony folk wil cum, and with me fludder;
And sum wil tel il tales of the Queene,
The quhilk be hir war never hard nor fene.
And that I do thay say al weil is done.
Thus fals clatterars puts me out of tone:
And thus, becaus I am licht of feirs,
And heirs evil tales, and lichtly lendis my eiris.
And thus of hir I have na appetyte,
And of al others ay have I grit delyte.
Sir, quod the fule, wil ye not consent
Thir thrie nichts that ye war weil content?
Ye that I grant, be God that is of micht,
Had never nane mair plesance on the nicht.

God,

God, quod the King, send my fortoun had bene
 Sen sho I had thir nichts thrie war Queene !
 Quhat wil ye gif me, than speiks the fule,
 Suppose I be na cunning clark in scule,
 Within thrie dayes to mak it weil fene,
 With God's law for to mak hir your Queene?
 And thair to do sal na man say agane ;
 And do I not my heid sal be the pane.
 Than, quod the King, thairto I hald my hand,
 Thow sal have gude gold, lordships, and land.
 Or cast fra the thy cote, and be thow wyfe,
 Ane bishoprik sal be thy benefyfe.
 Than, quod the fule, without feinyeing or fabil,
 Hald up your hand to hald this firme and stabil.
 The King thairto sware oft and oft,
 And thair he has his hand haldin on lost.
 And now, quod the fule, it fallis to na King
 To brek his vow, or yit his oblißing :
 And it that I have hecht thus sone sal be ;
 Scho is your Queene ye had thir nichts thrie.
 That, quod the king, be him that deid on rude,
 Sir fule, I trow ye may not mak that gude.
 Sir I pray yow be not evil payit nor wraith,
 Efter sa strait ane obleßing and aith.
 And gif that she plesit yow thir nichts thrie ;
 Fra hyneforth now quhairfoir may not sa be ?
 Richt now ye wald have had hir to your wyfe ;
 And thairin now with me ye mak ane stryfe.
 Quhat, quod the king, be him that was borne in Yule,
 Thou art ane auld scoller at the scule.

I farly quhair fik sophone thou hes fund,
That with my awin band thou hes me bund.
Notwithstanding I am hartly content
To my awin Queene I wil hartly consent ;
And mair attour, I sweir the be the hevin,
I sal hir never displeis for od nor evin,
With thy that she may preif that it was sho,
Thir nights thrie with quhom I had ado.
And with that word, foroutin mair carping,
Unto the Queene's chalmer come the King,
And simply to hir presence can persew,
And temptit hir with tokens gude and trew ;
And sickarly he fand that it was sho
With quhome thay nights thrie he had ado.
Than joyful was he in his hart's splene,
Of the plesance he had with his awin Queene,
Than on his kneis he askit forgiveness
For his licht laytes, and his wantones :
And sho forgave him meiklie this ful tyte
That he had done throw lichtnes of delyte ;
For weil sho saw that al was fantesy
That he usit, and richt greit foly.
And thus the King and Queene, into this cace,
Thankit thair God for thair weifair and grace.
And syne this fule thay thankit of al,
That caused fik concord amang them fal,
And off his coate thay tirlit be the croun,
And on him kest ane syde clarkly gown ;
And quhen this syde gown on him micht be,
Ane cunning clark and wyfe than semit he.

Syne

Syne efter sone ane Bishop thair was deid,
 Ful sone was he maid Bishop in his steid.
 And to the King and Queene he was ful leif;
 And of thair inwart counsell ay maist cheif.
 And God send sik examples ay wer sene
 To ilkane King that lufit nocht his Queene!
 God gif us grace and space on eird to spend!
 Thus of my tail now cummin is the end.
 And than spak al the fallowship thus syne,
 God quyte yow, sir, your tail, and fant Martyne.
 Sir Williame than sayis, now fallis me
 To tel ane tail; thoch I be of yow thrie
 The febillest, and leist of literature;
 Yit than, with all my diligence and cure,
 To tell ane taill now sik ane as I have:
 Of me methink you fould na uther crave.

The thrid taill tald be Maister Williame.

A KING thair is, and ever mair will be,
 Thairfoir the KING of kings him call we.
 Thus he had a man, as hes mony,
 Into this land, als riche as uther ony.
 This man, that we of speik, had freinds thrie;
 And lufit them nocht in ane degrie.
 The first freind, quhil he was laid in delf,
 He lufit ay far better than himself:
 The nixt freind than als weil lufit he,
 An he himself lufit in al degrie:
 The thrid freind he lufit this and swa
 In na degrie like to the tother twa;

Suppois he was ane friend to him in name,
To him as freind yit wald he never clame.
The tother twa his freindis war indeid
As he thocht quhen that he had onie neid.
Sa fell it on ane day sene efter than
This [King] he did fend about this rich man ;
And sent to him his officer, but weir,
Thus but delay befor him to compeir.
And with him count and give reckning of all
He had of him al tyme baith grit and smal.
With that this officer past on gude speid,
And summond this riche man we of reid ;
And al the cace to him he can record,
That he in haist fould cum to his awin Lord.
This rich man be he had hard this tail
Ful sad in mynd he wox baith wan and pail.
And to himselfe he said, sickand ful fair,
Allace how now ! this is ane haifty fair !
And I cum thair, my tail it wil be taggit ;
For I am red that my count be ovir raggit.
Quhat sal I do, now may I say, allace :
A cumbred man I am into this cace.
I have na uther help, nor yit supplie,
Bot I wil pas to my freinds thrie :
Twa of them I luisit ay fa weil,
But ony fault thair freindship wil I feil.
The thrid freind I leit lichtly of ay ;
Quhat my he do to me bot say me nay ?
Now wil I pas to them, and preif them now,
And tel them al the caus and maner how.

To the first friend.

THVS came he to his freind that he
 Lusit better than himself in al degrie.
 And said, lo freind my hart thow ever had ;
 And now, allace, I am ful straitly stad.
 To me the King his officer hes send ;
 For he wil that my count to him be kend :
 And I am laith, allane, to him to ga,
 Without with me ane freind be ane or twa.
 Thairfoir I pray yow that ye tel me now to
 In this mater quhat is the best ado ?
 And thus answered this freind agane, that he
 Over al this world lusit as A per C,
 The devill of hell, he said, now mot me hing,
 And I compeir befoir that crabit King !
 He is sa ful of justice, richt, and reffoun,
 I luse him not in ocht that will me cheffoun.
 He lufis not na riches, be the Rude,
 Nor hilenes in hart, nor evil won gude.
 Than evil won gude to gar men gif agane
 Thair may be na war use now in ane.
 Agane him can I get na gude defence ;
 Sa just he is, and stark in his conscience.
 And al things in this world that I call richt,
 It is nocht worth an eg into his sicht :
 And it that is my lyking and my eis
 To him alway will neither play nor pleis :
 And that to me is baith joy and gloir,
 As fantasys judgit him befoir.

D 4

And

And thus he is aganis me ay and ever;
 And weill I wait thairfoir he lufit me never.
 He hes na lyking lufe, nor lust of me,
 Na I to him quhill the day I die.
 Quhairto thairof sould mak ony mair?
 I cum nocht to the King, I the declair.
 Fra tyme that thow art under now areilt
 Of the, in faith, I have but lytle feist.
 Be me I trow, thow art but lytill meind:
 Pas on thy way and seik another freind.
 Now is this man fair murnand in his mynde,
 Sayand, allace my freind is over unkynde!
 Quhome I wend was suppart and supplie,
 And now, allace, the contrair now I fie!
 Away he wend, sayand in wordis wylde,
 I grant be God that I am all begylde.

The secound friend.

VNT0 this tother friend cummin is this man,
 That as himselfe befoir he lufit than.
 And said, lo freind, the King hes fend for me
 His officer; and biddis that I be
 At him in haist; and cum sone to his call:
 And to him mak my count of grit and small,
 That I of him in all my dayis had.
 And I fie richt I am straitlie stad!
 Now, as my freind, I hidder come to the
 Quhome as myselfe I lufe in al degre.
 For quhen I am in stryfe, or yit in sturt,
 Into my hart methink thow sould be hurt.

Thairfoir

Thairfoir I pray that thow wald underta
 With me unto yon King that thow wald ga.
 This freind answered, and said to him agane,
 I am displeisit, and ill payit of thy pane ;
 Bot I am nocht redie, in onie thing,
 With the for to compeir befoir that king.
 Thoch he hes fend for the his officer ;
 I may not ga with the quhat wil thow mair ?
 Sa-with the I bid nocht for to lane ;
 I am ful red that I cum never agane.
 Quha sal me mend, and of my bail me beit,
 To tak the sower and for to leif the sweit ?
 Quhat I have heir daylie in faith I seill ;
 And that quhat I fall have I weit not weill.
 Thairfoir this tail is trew into al tyde,
 Quhair ane feiris weil the langer sould he hyde.
 Thairfoir, methink that I sould be to sweir
 Befoir yon king with yow for to appeir.
 Bot a thing is to say in termes short,
 With yow my freind I wil ga to the port :
 Trust weil of me na mair of myne ye get,
 Fra ye be anis in at the king's yet.
 And thus shortly, with yow for to conclude,
 Mair nor is said of me ye get na gude.
 With that the man that thus charged his freind,
 He said, allace I may na longer leind !
 Sen I my twa best freinds couth assay :
 I can nocht get a freind yit to my pay,
 That dar now tak in hand, for onie thing,
 With me for to compeir befoir yon king.

Quhafaever

Quhafaever may vennome or poifoun taift,
That be the hand in quhom thair traift is maift.
Me to begyle quha hes mair craft and gin
Than thay in quhome my traift ay maift is in ?
Quhat ferly now with nane thoch I be meind,
Sen thus falſly now failyes me my freind ?
Now weil I ſe, and that I underta,
Than feinyeit freind better is open fa.
Als ſuith it is as ſhips faillis over watters,
And weil I wait al is not gold that glitteris.
Now is over lait to preif my freind indeid,
Quhan that I have ſik miſter, and ſik neid :
Better had bene be tyme I had overtane,
To preif my freind, quhen miſter had I nane.
Allace, quhat ſal I ſay ? quhat ſal I do ?
I have na ma freinds for to cum to.
Bot ane the quhilk is callit my thrid freind ;
With him I trow I will be lytil meind.
To ga to him I wait bot wind in waift,
For in him I have lytil trouth or traift ;
Becaus to him I was ſa oft unkinde ;
And as my freind he was not in my mynde ;
Bot helelie and lichtlie of him leit,
And now to him thus mon I ga and greit,
How ſould I mourne, or mak my mane him to ?
Befoir with him I had ſa lytil ado.
Suppois to me he was ane freind in name,
Yit than as friend to him wald I never clame,
Of him I had ful lytil joy or feiſt ;
Of al my freinds in faith I luſt him leiſt.

Quhat

Quhat ferly is I be not with him meind;
I held him nocht bot for a quarter freind.

To the thrid freind.

NOW cummin the man that we of reid
Unto this thrid freind, quhen he had neid,
And tald him the maner, and the cace,
How on him laid an officer his mace,
And summond him, and bad he sould compeir
Befoir the King, and gif ane count perqueir;
And to him mak ane sharp count of al
He had into his lyfe, baith grit and smal.
And thus answered his freind to him agane
Of the in faith, gude freind, I am ful fane.
Of me altyme thou gave but lytil tail;
Na of me wald have dant nor dail.
And thou had to me done onie thing,
Nocht was with hart; bot vane gloir, and hething.
With uther freinds thou was sa weill ay wount,
To me thou had ful lytil clame or count.
To the thou thocht I was not wort ane prene,
And that I am ful rade on the besene;
And yit the lytil kyndnes that thou
To me hes had weil fal I quyte it now.
For with the fal I ga unto the King,
And for the speik, and plie intil al thing.
Quhairever thou ga, with me thou fall be meind,
And ever halden for my tender friend.
The King he lufis me weil, I wait,
Bot ever, allace, to me thou cum over lait;

And

And thow my counsal wrocht had in al thing;
 Ful welcum had thou bene ay to that King.
 Betwixt us twa wit he of unkyndnes,
 Sone wil thow feil he wil the lufe the les :
 Wit he betwixt us twa be onie lufe,
 He wil be rich: weil payit and the apprufe :
 And he to me wit thow maid ony salt,
 To the that wil be ful sowre and salt.
 And than weil sal thou find, as thou lufit me,
 In al maner of way fa fal he the.
 Quhat is thair mair of this mater to meine ?
 With the befoir the king I sal be sene.
 Quhairever thow ga, withoutin ony blame,
 As tender freind to the I sal ay clame ;
 Without offence to be thy defendar,
 And ay trewly to be thy protectour.
 Befoir quhat judge thou appeir up or down,
 The to defend I sal be reddie boun.
 And quhither I cum agane heir ever or never
 Fra the thus sal I never mair dissever.
 Thoch he the bind and cast the in a cart,
 To heid or hang, fra the I sal nocht part.
 Quhat wil thou mair that I may say the til ?
 I am reddie ; cum on quhanever thou wil.
 Allace ! allace ! than sayis this riche man,
 Over few I find are in this world that can
 Cheis ay the best of thir freinds thrie,
 Quhill that the tyme be gane that thay sould be.
 Thow leifs nocht sin quhill sin hes left the ;
 And than quhan that thow seis that thow man de :

T 11

Than is over lait, allace ! havand sik let,
 Quhan deith's cart will stand befor the yet.
 Allace, send ilkane man wald be fa kynde
 To have this latter freind into his mynde !
 And nocht traist in this uther freinds twa,
 With him befor the King that wil nocht ga !

Quha be thir thrie freinds.

GVDE folk, I wald into this warld that ye
 Sould understand quhilk ar thir freinds thre ;
 Quha is the King ; quha is this officer ;
 And quha this riche man is. I will declair.
 The King is God, that is of nichts maist,
 The Father, Sone, and eik the haly Gaist,
 In ane Godheid, and yit in persones thre,
 Thairfoir the King of kings him call we.
 This officer but dout is callit Deid ;
 Is nane his power agane may repleid :
 Is nane fa wicht, na wyse, na of sik wit,
 Agane his summond suithly that may sit.
 Suppose thay be als wicht as ony wall,
 Thow man ga with him to his Lords hall.
 Is na wisdome, riches, na yit science,
 Aganis his officer may mak defence :
 Is neyther castell, torret, nor yit tour,
 May scar him anis the moment of ane hour.
 His straik it is fa sharpe it will not stint
 Is nane in eird that may indure his dint ;
 He is fa trew in his office, and lele,
 Is na praktik agane him to appele.

Gold,

Gold, nor gude, corn, cattell, nor yit ky,
 This officer with bud may nocht overby.
 This riche man is baith thow and he,
 And al that in the warld is that mon die.
 And als sone as the deid till us will cum,
 Than speik we to our freinds all and sum.

Quhat is merit be the first freind.

THE first freind is bot gude penny and pelfe,
 That mony man lufis better than himselfe.
 And quhan to me or the cumis our deid,
 Our riches than will stand us in na steid:
 To pairt fra it suppose we graine and greit,
 It sayis fairweil! agane we will never meit!
 Thus, have we ever sa mekill gold, and gude,
 With us nane may we turs, suppose we war wod.
 The mair golde and gude that ever we have,
 The mair count thair of this King will crave.
 And thus the day, and deid, quhan we mon die,
 Fra us away full fast all riches will fle.
 Thus hald I man unwyse, I underta,
 That halds ane for his freind, and is his fa.
 Thir thre ar ay haldin for fais evill,
 Our awne flesche, the warld, and the devill.
 And thus thy freind, sa mekil of the mais,
 Is countit ane of thy maist felloun fais;
 And now with the he will nocht gang ane fute
 Befoir this King, for the to count or mute.
 Thus may thow sie this warlds wit forthy
 Befoir this King is bot grit fantasy.

Quha

Quba is merit be the secound freind.

THIS secund freind, lat se, quhome will we call
 Bot wyfe, and barne, and uther freinds all ?
That thus answeres, and sayis in tymes schort,
We will nocht ga with the bot to the port :
That is to say unto the Kings yet ;
 With the farder to ga is nocht our det.
Quhilk is the yet, that we call now the port ?
Nocht but our graif to pas in as a mort.
 And than with us unto that yet will cum
 Baith wyfe, and bairnes, and freinds al and sum :
And thair on me, and the, lang will thay greit,
 Into this world agane or ever we meit.
In at the yet with thē now quha wil ga,
That I have tald heir of thy freinds twa ?
Riches, nor gude ; wyfe, barne, nor freind,
Of thir foirsaide with the will never leind.
And quhan that thow art laid into thy hole,
Thy heid will be na hyer than thy sole.
And than quhair is thy cod, courche or cap,
 Baith gown and hude had wont the for to hap ?
Nocht bot ane sheit is on thy body bair ;
And as thow hes done heir sa finds thow thair.

Qubat is merit be the thrid freind.

THIS thrid freind quhome will we cal, let sie ;
Nocht ellis bot Almos deid and charitie.
The quhilk freind answered with words sweit,
Of me, as freind suppose thow lytle leit,

Yit,

Yit, for the lytle quantance that we had,
Sen that I se the in sturt sa straightly stad,
Quhairever thow ga, in eird or art,
With the my freind yit fall I never part.
Quhairever thow ga, suppose a thowfand shore the,
Even I thy Almos deid fall ga befoir the.
For as thow seis watter dois flokkin fyre,
Sa do I Almos deid the Judges ire.
Thairfoir, gude folkes, be exampil we se
That there is nane thus, of thy freinds thre,
To ony man that may do gude, bot ane ;
Almos deid that it be seindle tane.
Into this world of it we lat lichtly,
Throw fleshely lust fulfillit with folly ;
Quhill all our tyme in fantasy be tint,
And than to mend we may do nocht bot minte.
It for to do we have na tyme, nor grace,
Into this eird quhill we have time and space.
Than cumis deid hâve done ! do fort thy det !
Cum on away the cart is at the yet.
Than will we say with mony woful wis
Allace ! allace ! be tyme had wittin this !
I sould have done pennance, fast, and pray ;
And delt my guds in almis deids alway.
Thairfoir my counfall is that we mend,
And lippin nocht all to the latter end.
And syne, to keip us fra the sinnes sevin,
That we may win the hie blys of hevin :
And thus out of this world that we may win
But shame, or det, or deidly sin,

And

And than speiks the tother twa full tyte,
This gude tale fir I trow God will yow quyte.

F I N I S.

THE Printer of this present Treatise hes (according to the King's Majesties licence grantit to him) printit findrie uther delectabill Discourses undernamit, sic as are

David Lindesayes Play. Philotus.

Freirs of Berwick & Bilbo.

Quhilk are to be fauld in his Buith at the west side of Auld Provosts clofehead on the North side of the Gate, ane lytill above the Salt-trone.

GOD SAVE THE KING AND QUEENE.

HEIR BEGINNIS

Ane Treatise callit the PALICE of HONOUR,
Compylit be Mr. GAWINE DOUGLAS, BISCHOP of
DUNKELD.

Imprentit at EDINBURGH, be JOHN ROS,
For HENRIE CHARTERIS, ANNO. 1579.

CUM PRIVILEGIO REGALI*.

* Compared with the London edition, 1553, 4to. "Imprinted at London in Fletstret at the fygne of the Rose garland by Wylliam Copland.—God save Quene Marye."

The spelling of 1553 is more English; of this more Scottish; but minutiae are not attended.

TO THE
R E I D A R

*WHEN we had sene and considerit the divers impressi-
ons befor imprented of this notabill werk, to have bene altogidder
faultie and corrupt, not only that quhilk has bene imprentit at
London, but also the copyis set furth of auld, amangis our
selfis; we have thocht gude, to take some peinis and trauvelles,
to haue the samen mair commodiously and correctly set furth:
to the intent, that the beneuolent Reidar, may haue the mair
deyte and plesure in reiding, and the mair frute in perusing
this plesand, and delectable werk.*

ARGV

ARGUMENT OF PART I.

The poet gangs into a gardyne—Falls in a swoon—Is transported to a desert—Complaint agan Fortoun—Court of MINERVA upperis—Wise men hir attendants—Gangand till the PALACE OF HONOUR—Court of DIANA—Court of VENUS—Hir attendants—The poet complains agan her : and is bound and brocht befor hir court—His defens, and hir reply—He is condemnit.

THE

P R O L O G U E.

§ I.

QUHEN pail AURORA with face lamentabill
 Her ruffet mantill borderit all with sabill,
 Lappit about, be heuinly circumstance,
 The tender bed and aires honorabill
 Of FLORA quene till flowris amiabill,
 In May I rais to do my observance :
 And enterit in a gardyne of plesance
 With sol depaint, as Paradise delectabill,
 And blisfull bewis, with blomed varyance:

E 3

Sa

II.

Sa craftily dame FLORA had our fret
 Hir heuinly bed, powderit with mony a set
 Of ruby, topas, perle and emerant.
 With balmy dew, bathit and keyndlie wet ;
 Quhill vapours hote richt fresche and weil ybet,
 Dulce of odour, of flour, maist fragrant,
 The silver dropis on dasies distillant :
 Quhilk verdour branches our the alars yet,
 With smoky fence the mystis reflectant.

III.

The fragrand flowris bloumand in thair seis,
 Quirspred the leuis of natures tapestries ;
 Abone the quhilk with heuinly harmonies
 The birdis sat on twistis and on greis,
 Melodiously makand thair kyndlie gleis,
 Whaife schill nottis fordynned all the skyis.
 Of repurcussit air the echo cryis.
 Among the branches of the blomit tries,
 And on the laurers silver droppis lyis.

IV.

Quhill that I rowmed in that Paradice,
 Replenischit, and full of all delice,
 Out of the sey Eous alift his heid
 I mene the hors whilk drawis at deuce.
 The affiltrie and goldin chair of price
 Of TYTAN ; whilk at morrow seemis reid ;
 The new colour that all the nicht lay deid
 Is restorit, baith fowllis, flowris, and rice,
 Recomfort was, throw PHÆBUS gudlyheid.

The

THE PROLOGUE.

55

V.

The dasy and the maryguld unlappit,
 Quhilks all the nicht lay with their leuis happit,
 Thame to referue fra rewmes pungitive.
 The umbrate trees that TYTAN about wappit
 War portrait, and on the cirth yschappit,
 Be goldin bemis viuificatiue
 Quhais amene heit is maist restorative.
 The greshoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
 And beis wrocht material for thair hyve.

VI.

Richt hailfome was the sessoun of the yeir
 Phebus furth yet depured bemis clear
 Maist nutritiue till all things vegetant.
 God EOLUS of wind list nocht appear,
 Nor auld SATURNE with his mortal speir;
 And bad aspect contrair till curie plant.
 NEPTUNUS nold within that palice hant.
 The beriall streimis rynning men nicht heir,
 By bankis grene with glancis variant.

VII.

For till behald that heuinly place complete,
 The purgit air with new engenderit heit,
 The sol enbroued with colour, ure, and stone *;
 The tender grene, the balmy droppis sweit,
 Sa rejoycit and comfort was my spreit,
 I not was it a vision or fantone.
 Amyd the buskis rowming myne alone,

* Stunt. L. ed.

Within that garth of all plesance repleit
A voice I hard preclair as PHEBUS schone.

VIII.

Singand O May thow mirrour of soles,
Maternall moneth lady and maistres,
Till eurie thing adown respirature,
Thyne heuinlie werk and worthie craftines
The small herbis constranis till increse.
O verray ground till werking of nature!
Quhais hie curage and assucurat cure
Causis the eirth his fruits till expres
Diffundant grace on euerie creature.

IX.

Thy godly lore, cunning, incomparabil,
Dantis the sauage beistis maist unstabil,
And expellis all that nature infestis.
The knoppit fyonis with leuis agreeabil,
For till reuert and burgione ar maid abill.
Thy mirth refresches byrdis in thair nestis;
Quhilkis the to praise and nature neuer restis:
Confessand yow maist potent and lowabill
Amang the brownis of the olive twistis.

X.

In the is rute and agment of curage,
In the enforces martis vassalage,
In the is amorous lufe and harmonie,
With incrementis fresche in lustie age,
Quha that constrainit ar in luifis rage,
Addressand them with obseruance airlie,
Weill auchtis the till glore and magnific.—

And

THE PROLOGUE.

5

And with that word I raized my visage
Soir affrayit half in an frenesie.

XI.

O Nature Quene ! and o ye lusty May !
Quod I, tho' how lang fall I thus foruay
Quilk yow and VENUS in this garth deseruis
Recounsel me out of this greit affray,
That I may sing yow laudis day be day,
Ye that all mundane creatures preferuis
Comfort your man that in this fanton steruis,
With spreit arraisit and euerie wit away
Quaiking for feir, baith pulsis, vane, and neruis.

XII.

My fatal weird my febill wit I wary,
My desie heid qnhome lake of brane gart vary,
And not sustene so amiabill a soun,
With ery courage febill strenthis fary,
Bounand me hame and list na lunger tary ;
Out of the air come ane impressioun,
Throw whais licht in extasie or swoun,
Amyd the virgultis all intill a fary,
As feminine sa febilit fell I down.

XIII.

And with that gleme sa dasyt was my nicht,
Qnhill thair remanit nouthier voice nor sight,
Breith motion nor heiring * natural,
Saw never man so faynt a leuand wicht,
And na ferly, for our excelland licht

* hetis. L. ed.

Corruptis

Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awaill
 Untill the hart, that it na danger aill
 Quhen it is smorit, memberis wirkis not richt,
 The dreidfull terrour swa did me affaill.

XIV.

Yet at the last I not how lang a space
 A lytle heit appeirit in my face.
 Whilk had to foir been pail and voyde of blude.
 Tho' in my swoun I met a ferly cace;
 I thocht me fet within a desert place
 Amyd a forrest by a hyddeous flude,
 With gryfly fische, and schortly till conclude,
 I fall discryue as God will give me grace
 Myne visioun in rural termis rude.

FINIS PROLOGI.

THE

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR,

COMPYLIT BE

M. GAWINE DOUGLAS,

BISCHOP OF DUNKELD.

THE FIRST PART.

§ I.

THOW barrant wit ouriset with fantasie,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memorie is,
Schaw now thy schame, schaw now thy badnytie,
Schaw now thy endite reprove of rethorye,
Schaw now thy beggit termis mair than thrye,
Schaw now thy rymis *, and thyne harlotrie,
Schaw now thy dull exhaust inanitie,
Schaw furth thy cure and write thir frenesie
Quhilks of thy sempill cunning nakit the.

II.

My rauist spreit on that desert terribill,
Approchit near that ugie flude horribill
Like till *Gochyte* the riuer infernall,

* rans. L. ed.

With

With vile water quhilk maid a hiddious trubill
 Rinnand our heid, blude reid, and impossibill
 That it bad been a riuier natural.

With brayis bair, raif rochis like to fall,
 Quhairon na gers nor herbis wer visibill
 Bot swappis * brint with blastis Boriall.

III.

This laithlie flude rumbland as thonder routit,
 In quhome the fisch yelland as eluis schoutit,
 Thair yelpis wilde my heiring all fordeisit,
 Thay grym monstres my spreits abhorrit and doutit,
 Not throw the soyl but muskane treis sproutit
 Combust, barrant, unblomit and unleisit,
 Auld rottin runtis quhairin na sap was leisit,
 Moch, all waist, widderit with granis moutit
 A ganand den quhair murtherars men reisit.

IV.

Quhairfoir my selvin was right fair agast,
 This wilderneys abhominabill and waist,
 (In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
 Was dark as rock †, the quhilk the fey upcast.
 The quhiffilling wind blew mony bitter blast,
 Runtis ratillit and uneith nicht I stand.
 Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand.
 The river stank, the treis clatterit fast.
 The soyl was nocht bot marres slyke and sand.

V.

And not bot caus my spreitis wer abaisit,
 All follitair in that desert arraisit

* skappis.

† royk.

Allace I said is nane other remeid,
 Cruel Fortun quhy hes thow me betraifit ?
 Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compaffit ?
 Allace, Allace, fall I thus fone be deid *
 In this desert and wait nane other reid ?
 Bot be devourit with fom beift rauenous
 I weip, I waill, I plene, I cry, I pleid
 Inconstant world and quheill contrarious.

VI.

Thy tranfitory plefance quhat auailis ?
 Now thair, now heir, now hie, and now deuailis,
 Now to, now fra, now law, now magnifyis,
 Now hait, now cauld, now lauchis, now beuailis.
 Now feik, now haill, now werie, now not aillis,
 Now gude, now euill, now weitis and now dryis,
 Now thow prommittis, and richt now thow denyis,
 Now wo, now weill, now firm, now frivolous,
 Now gam, now gram, now louis, now defyis
 Inconstant world and quheill contrarious.

VII.

Ha, quha fuld haue affyance in thy blis ?
 Ha quha fuld haue firm eſperance in this,
 Whilk is alace ſa freuch and variant ?
 Certes nane, ſum hes no wicht ? ſurely yis.
 Than has myſelf been guilty ? ye, I wis.
 Thairfoir alace fall danger thus me dant ?
 Quhidder is become ſo fone this duillie hant ?
 And ver tranſlait in winter furious ?

* *Margin.* A deſcription of the inconstancy of Fortune.

Thus

Thus I bewaill my faitis repugnant
Inconstant warld and quheil contrarious.

VIII.

Bydand the deid thus in my extasie,
Ane dyn I hard approaching fast me by,
Quhilk mouit fra the plage Septentrionall,
As heird of beaſtis ſtamping with loud cry,
Bot than God wait, how affrayit was I!
Traiſtand to be ſtranglit with beſtiall.
Amid a ſtock richt priuelie I ſtall,
Quhair luikand out anon I did eſpy
Ane luſſie rout of beſtis rationall.

IX.

Of Ladyis fair, and guidlie men arayit *
In conſtant weid, that weill my ſpreitis payit,
With degeſt mind, quhairin all wit aboundit
Full ſoberlie their haiknayeis thay aſſayit,
Efter the faitis auld and not forwayit.
Their hie prudence ſchaw furth and naitbing roundit.
With gude effeir quhairat the wod reſoundit.
In ſleidfaſt ordour, to veſie unaffrait
Thay ryding furth with ſtabilneſs ygroundit.

X.

Amiddis quhom born in ane goldin chair,
Quirfret with perle and ſtains maiſt preclair,
That drawin was by haiknayeis all * milk quhite,
Was ſet a Quene, as lylie ſweit of ſwair,
In purpoure rob hemmit with gold ilk gair,

* The quene of ſapyence with her court. † four.

Quhilk

Quhilk gemmit claspis closed all perfite,
 A diademe maist plesandlie polite,
 Set on the tressis of her giltin hair,
 And in her hand a scepter of delyte.

XI.

Syne nixt hir raid in granate violat
 Twolf Damifellis, ilk ane on thair estait,
 Quhilks semit of her counsell maist secrete.
 And nixt them was a lustie rout God wait,
 Lords Ladyis and mony fair Prelatt,
 Baith born of hie estait and law degre,
 Furth with thair Quene, thay all by passit me
 Ane esie pais, thay ryding furth the gait,
 And I abaid alone within the tre.

XII.

And as the rout was passit one and one *,
 And I remanand in the tre alone,
 Out throw the wod came rydand Catiues twane,
 Ane on ane asse, a widdie about his mone,
 The uther raid ane hideous hors upone,
 I passit furth and fast at thame did frane
 Quhat men thay wer? Thay answerit me agane,
 Our namis bene ACHITOPHEL and SINONE,
 That by our subtell menis, feill hes flane.

XIII.

Wait ye quoth I, quhat signifies yone rout?
 SYNON said ya: and gaue ane hideous schout,
 We wretchis bene abject thair-fra I wis.

* Craftye Synone and fals Architofoel.

Yone is the Qnene of Sapience but dout,
 Lady MINERVE, and yone twelf hir about
 Ar the prudent SIBILLAIS full of blis,
 CASSANDRA eik DELBORA and CIRCIS,
 The fatall sisters twynand our weirdis out,
 JUDITH, JAEI, and mony a Prophetis,

XIV.

Quhilks groundit ar in firme intelligence,
 And thair is als into yone court gone hence
 Clerkis diuine, with probleumis curius.
 As SALOMON the well of sapience,
 And ARISTOTELL fulfillit of prudence,
 SALLUST, SENEK, and TITUS LIIUIUS *,
 PITHAGORAS, PORPHYRE, PERMENYDUS,
 MELYSSES with his sawis but defence,,
 SIDRACH, SECUNDUS, and SOLENYUS.

XV.

PTHOLOMEUS, IPOCRAS, SOCRATES,
 EMPEDOCLES, NEPTENABUS, HERMES,
 GALIEN, AUERROES, and PLATO,
 ENOCH, LAMECH, JOB, and DIOGENES,
 The eloquent and prudent ULISSES,
 Wise JOSEPHUS, and facund CICERO,
 MELCHISEDECH with uther mony mo.
 Thair veyage lysis throw out this wildernes,
 To the PALICE of HONOUR all they go.

XVI.

Is situate from hence liggis ten hunder,
 Our horsis oft or we be thair will founder,

* Wyfe and lerned men.

Adew

Adew we may na langer heir remane.
 Or that ye pass, quod I, tell me this wonder,
 How that ye wretchit catiues thus at under,
 Ar sociat with this Court Souerane ?
 ACHITOPHELL maid this answer again,
 Knawis thou not ? Haill, eird quaik, and thunder
 Ar oft in May with mony schour of rane.

XVII.

Richt fa we bene into this companie
 Our wit aboundit and usit was lewdlie,
 My wisdom ay fulfillit my desire,
 As thou may in the Bybill weill espy :
 How DAVID's prayer put my counsell by,
 I gart his sone againis him conspire,
 The quhilk was slane, whairfoir up be the swire
 Myself I hangit, frustrat fa foulilie.
 This SYNON was a Greik that raisit fire

XVIII.

First into *Troy* as VIRGIL dois report,
 Sa tratour like maid him be draw ouirthoirt
 Quhill in he brought the hors, with men of armis
 Quhairthrow the town destroyit was at schort.
 (Quod I) Is this your destanie and fort ?
 Cursit be he that sorrowis for your harmis,
 For ye bene schrewis baith be Goddis armis.
 Ye will obtene na entres at yone port,
 But gif it be throw forcerie and charmis.

XIX.

Ingres to haue, quod thay, we not presume,
 It suficis us, to se the palice blume.

VOL. I.

F

And

And stand on rowme quhair better folk bene charrit.
 For to remane, adew, we haur na tume,
 This ilk way cummis the Courtis be our dume,
 Of DIANE, and VENUS, that feill has marrit.
 With that they raid away as thay war skarritt.
 And I agane maist like ane elriche grume
 Crap in the muskane aiken stok misharrit.

XX.

Thus wretchetlie I maid myrefidence,
 Imagining feill fyfe for some defence,
 In contrair sauage beiflis maist cruell,
 For na remeid bot deid be violence
 Sum time aswagis febill indigence,
 Thus in a part I recomfort mysell,
 Bot that sa little was I dare not tell
 The stichling of a mouse out of presence
 Had bene to me mair ugosome than the hell.

XXI.

Yet glaid I was that I with them had spokin,
 Had not bene that, certes my hart had brokin,
 For megirnefs and pusillamitie,
 Remainand thus within the tre all lokin,
 Desirand fast som signes or sum token
 Of lady VENUS, or hir companie;
 Ane hart transformit ran fast by the tree
 With heundis tent, on whom DIANE was wrokin
 Thair by I understude that scho was nie.

XXII.

Thay had before declairit hir cumming
 Mair perfectlie forthy I knew the signe

Wae

Was ACTEON, quhilk DIANE nakit watit
 Bathing in a well, and eik hir madynnis ying.
 The Goddes was commovit at this thing,
 And him in forme hes of a hart translatit.
 I saw alace! his houndis at him flatit.
 Backwert he blent to give them knowledging
 Thay reif thair Lord, milknew him, at him * batit.

XXIII.

Sine ladyis come with lustie gilden tressis,
 In habit wilde maist like till Fosteressis.
 Amiddis quhom heich on ane eliphant
 In signe that sho in chastitie increffis,
 Raid DIANE that Ladyis hartis dressis,
 Till be stabill and na way inconstant.
 God wait that nane of thame is variant,
 All chaist and trew virginity professis.
 I not, bot few I saw with DIANE hant.

XXIV.

Intill that court I saw anone present
 JEPHTEIS douchter a lustie Ladie gent,
 Offerit to God in her virginitie.
 POLIXENA I wis was not absent,
 PANTHESILE with mannis hardyment,
 EFFYGIN, and VIRGENIUS douchter fre;
 With other flouris of feminitie,
 Baith of the New and the Auld Testament,
 All on thay raid and left me in the tre.

* thaym.

XXV.

In that desert dispers in sonder skattirit,
 Were bewis bair quhome rane and wind on batterit,
 The water stank, the field was odious
 Quhair dragonis, lessertis, askis, edderis swatterit,
 With mouthis gapand forkit taillis tatterit,
 With mony a stang and spouttis vennimous,
 Corrupting air be rewme contagious,
 Maist gross and vile, enpoysonit cloudis clatterit,
 Reikand like hellis smoke, sulfurious.

XXVI.

My daisit heid fordullit dissele,
 I raisit up half in ane lithargie,
 As dois ane catiue ydrunkin in sleip.
 And sa appeirit to my fantasie,
 A schynand licht out of the northeist sky,
 The whilk with cure to heir I did tak keip.
 Proportion founding * dulcest, hard I peip,
 In musick number full of harmony
 Distant on far was carit be the deip.

XXVII.

Farther, by water, folk may foundis heir,
 Than by the eirth, the quhilk with poris seir
 Up drinkis air that mouit is be found,
 Quhilk in compact water, of ane riueir,
 May nocht enter, bot rinnis thair and heir,
 Quhill it at last be carit on the ground.
 And thocht throw din be experience is found

* foundis.

The

The fische ar caufit within the riueir feir
In with * the water the noyis dois not abound.

XXVIII.

Violent din the air brekis and deris
Sine greit motiown of the water feiris,—
The water feirit, fifies for feirdnefs flies.
Bot out of dout na fische in water heiris,
For as we fe, richt few of thame hes eiris.
And eik forfuith bot gif wife clerkis leis,
Thair is na air in with waters nor feis,
But quhilk na thing may heir as wife men leiris,
Like as but licht, thair is nathing that feis.

XXIX.

Aneuch of this, I not quhat it may mene.
I will returne till declair all bedene,
My dreidfull dreame with griffie fantasies
I schew befor quhat I had hard or fene,
Particularlie fum of my panefull tene.
Bot now God waite quhat feirdnefs on me lyes!
Langer (I said) and now this time is twyis,
Ane found I hard of angellis as it had bene,
With harmonie fordinnand all the skyis.

XXX.

Sa dulce, fa sweit, and fa melodious,
That euerie wicht thair with micht be joyous,
Bot I and catiues dullit in difpair.
For quhen a man is wraith or furious,
Melancholick for wo, or tedious,
Than till him is all plesance maist contrair :

* In oth.
F 3

And semblable, than sa did with me fair.
 This melodie intonit heuinlie thus
 For profound wo, constrainit me mak cair.

XXXI.

And murnand thus, as ane maist wofull wicht,
 Of the maist plesant court I had a sicht,
 In warld adoun sen ADAM was creat.
 Quhat sang? Quhat joy? Quhat harmony? Quhat licht?
 Quhat mirthfull solace plesance all at richt?
 Quhat fresche bewtie? Quhat excelland estate?
 Quhat sweit vocis, Quhat wordis suggurait?
 Quhat fair debaitis, Quhat luiffull * ladyis bricht?
 Quhat lustie gallandis did on thair service wait?]

XXXII.

Quhat gudlie pastance and quhat minstrellsie?
 Quhat game thay maid, in faith not tell can I,
 Thocht I had profound wit angelicall.
 The heuenlie soundis of thair harmonie,
 Hes dynnit fa my drerie fantasie,
 Baith wit and resfoun half is loist of all.
 Yet (as I know) als lichtlie fay I fall,
 That angellike and Godlie company
 Till se, me thocht a thing celestiallyl.

XXXIII.

Proceidand furth was draw ane chariote,
 Be.coursouris twelf, trappit in grene velvete,
 Of fine gold wer junctures and harnassingis—
 The lymnaris wer of burnishit gold God wote,

* lusum.

Baith

Baith aixtre and quheillis of gold I hote.
 Of goldin cord wer lyamis, and the stringis
 Festinnit conjunct in massie goldin ringis—
 Evir haims conuenient for sic note,
 And raw silk brechamis ouir thair halfis hingis.

XXXIV.

The bodie of the cairt of evir bone,
 With Crisolitis and mony precious stone
 Was all ouirfret, in dew proportioun,
 Like sternis in the firmament quhilks schone,
 Reparrellit was that Godlike plesand one*,
 Tyldit abone, and to the eirth adoun,
 In richest claith of gold of purple broun
 But fas, nor uther frenyies, had it none,
 Saiff claith of gold anamillit all fassoun.

XXXV.

Quhair fra dependant hang thair megir bellis—
 Sum round, sum thraw, in found the quhilks excellis,
 All wer of gold of *Araby* maist fine,
 Quhilks with the wind concordandlie sa knellis
 That to be glaid thair sound all wicht compellis,
 The harmonie was sa melodious fine,
 In mannis voice and instrument deuine,
 Quhairfa thay went it seemit nathing ellis
 Bot ierarchies of angellis ordours nine.

XXXXVI.

Amid the chair fulfillit of plesance,
 Ane lady sat at quhais obeysance,

* wone.

F 4

Was

Was all that rout : and wonder is to heir
 Of her excelland lustie countenance
 Her hie bewtie quhilk maist is to auance
 Precellis all, thayr may be na compeir.
 For like PHEBUS in heist of his spheir
 Hir bewtie schane castand sa greit ane glance,
 All fairheid it opprest baith far and neir.

XXXVII.

Scho was peirless of schap and portraiture,
 In her had nature finischt hir cure,
 As for gude havingis thair was nane bot scho,
 And hir array was sa fine and sa pure,
 That quhair of was hir robe I am not sure,
 For nocht bot perle and stanis micht I see.
 Of quhom the brightnes of hir hie bewtie,
 For to behald my sicht micht not indure,
 Mair nor the bricht sone may the bakkis ee.

XXXVIII.

Hir hair as gold or Topasis was hewit,
 Quha hir beheld, hir bewtie ay renewit.
 On heid sho had a crest of dyamantis.
 Thair was na wicht that gat a sicht eschewit,
 War he never sa constant or waill thewit,
 Na he was woundit, and him hir seruant grantis.
 That heuinlie wicht, hir cristall ene sa dantis,
 For blenkis sweit nane passit unperfewit,
 Bot gif he wer preferuit as thir sanctis.

XXXIX.

I wondert fair and fast in mind did stair,
 Quhat creature that micht be that was sa fair,

Of

Of fa peirless excellant womanheid.
 And farlyand thus I saw within the chair
 Quhair that a man was fet with lymmis squair,
 His bodie weill entailyeit euerie fleid.
 He bair a bow with dartis haw as leid.
 His claithing was als grene as ane huntair :
 Bot he forsuith had na eine in his heid.

XL.

I understude be signes persauabill
 That was CUPYD the God maist dissauabill ;
 The lady, VENUS, his mother, a Goddes ;
 I knew that was the court sa variabill,
 Of eirdly lufe quhilk sendill standis stabill,
 Bot yet thair mirth and solace neuertheless
 In musick tone and menstrallie expres
 Sa craftilie with curage agreabill
 Hard neuer wicht sic melodie I ges.

XLI.

Accompanyit lustie yonkeirs with all,
 Fresche ladyis sang in voice virgineall,
 Concordis sweit, diuers entoned reportis.
 Proportionis fine with sound celestially
 Duplat, triplat, diatefferiall
 Sesque altera, and decupla resortis,
 Diapason of mony fundry fortis,
 War sounge, and playit be feir cunning menstrall
 On lufe ballatis with mony fair disportis.

XLII.

In modulation hard I play and sing
 Faburdoun, pricksang, discant, countering,

Cant

Cant organe, figuratioun, and gemmell ;
 On croud, lute, harp, with mony gudlie spring,
 Schalmes, clariounis, portatives, hard I ring,
 Monycord, organe, tympane, and cymbell.
 Sytholl, pfalterie, and voices sweet as bell
 Soft relefchingis in dulce deliuering,
 Fractionis diuide, at rest, or clois compell.

XLIII.

Not PAN of *Archaid* sa plesandlie playis,
 Nor king DAVID quhais playing as men sayis,
 Conjurit the spreit the quhilk SAUL confoundit,
 Nor AMPHION with mony subtell layis,
 Quhilk *Tbebes* wallit, with harping in his dayis,
 Nor he that first the subtell craftis foundit,
 Was not in musick half sa weill y-groundit
 Nor knew their measure tent taill be na wayis,
 At thair resort baith heuin and eird resoundit.

XLIV.

Na mair I underflude thair numbers fine,
 Be God than dois of *Grek* * a fwine,
 Saif that me think sweit foundis gude to heir.
 Na mair heiron my labour will I tyne,
 Na mair I will thir verbillis sweit desine,
 How that thair musick tones war mair cleir
 And dulcer than the mouing of the spheir,
 Or ORPHEUS harp of *Tbrace* with sound diuine,
 GLASKERIANE maid na noyis compeir.

* a gekgo, or.

XLV.

Thay condiscend sa weill in ane accord,
 That by na joint thair foundis bene discord,
 In euerie key thay werren sa expert.
 Of thair array gif I suld mak record,
 Lustie springaldis and mony gudlie lord,
 Tender younglingis with pieteous virgin hart.
 Elder ladyis knew mair of lufis art.
 Diuers uthers quhilks me not list remord,
 Quhais lakkest weid was silkis ouirbrouderit *.

XLVI.

In vestures quent of mony findrie gyse,
 I saw all claith of gold men might deuise,
 Purpour colour, punik and scarlote hewis,
 Veluot robbis maid with the grand assyse,
 Dames, fatyne, begaryit mony wise,
 Crameffie satine, veluot enbroude in diuers rewis,
 Satine figures champit with flouris and bewis,
 Damisflure, tere, pyle quhairon thair lyis,
 Peirle, Orphany quhilk eurie stait renewis.

XLVII.

Thair riche entire maist peirles to behald
 My wit can not discrue howbeit I wald.
 Mony entrappit steid with silkis feir
 Mony pattrell neruit with gold I tald
 Full mony new gilt harnasing not ald,
 On mony palfray luiffum Ladyis cleir.
 And nixt the chair I saw formest appeir,

* or brounvert.

Upon

Upon a bardit curser stout and bald,
MARS God of strife enarmit in birneist geir.

XLVIII.

Euerie inuasibill wapon on him he bair,¹
 His luik was grym, his bodie large and squair,
 His lymmis weill entailyet to be strang,
 His neck was greit a span lenth weill or mair,
 His visage braid with crisp broun curland hair,
 Of stature not ouir greit, nor yet ouir lang.
 Behaldand **VENUS**, O ye my lufe, (he sang).
 And scho agane with dallyance sa fair
 Hir knicht him cleipis quhair sa he ryde or gang.

XLIX.

Thair was **ARCYTE**, and **PALEMON** aswa
 Accompyriet with fair **AEMILIA**,
 The Quene **DIDO** with hir fals lufe **ENEE**,
 Trew **TROILUS**, unfaithfull **CRESSIDA**,
 The fair **PARIS**, and plesand **HELENA**,
 Constant **LUCRECE**, and traist **PENELOPE**,
 Kind **PIRAMUS**, and wo begone **THYSEE**,
 Dolorous **PROGNE**, trist **PHILOMENA**,
 King **DAVIDS** lufe, thair saw I, **BARSABE**.

L.

Thair was **CEIX** with the kind **ALCEYON**,
 And **ACHILLES** wroth with **AGAMEMNON**,
 For **BRISSIDA** his lady fra him tane;
 Wofull **PHILLIS**, and hir lufe **DEMOPHOON**,
 Subtell **MEDEA**, and hir knicht **JASON**.
 Of Fare I saw thair **PARIS** and **VEANE**.
 Thair was **PHEDRA**, **THESEUS** and **ARIANE**,

The

The secreit, uife, hardie IPOMEDON,
ASSUEIR, HESTER, irrepreuabill SUSANE.

LI.

Thair was the fals unhappy DALIDA,
Cruell wicket and curst DEIANIRA,
Waryit BIBLIS and the fair ABSOLON,
YPSYPHILE, abominabill SYLLA,
TRISTRAM, YSIDE, ELKANA and ANNA,
CLEOPATRA, and worthie MARK ANTHONE,
JOLE, HERCULES, ALCEST, IXION.
The onlie patient wife GRESSILLIDA,
HYACYNTHUS * that his heid brak one ane stane.

LII.

Thair was JACOB with fair RACHEL his maik,
The quhilke become till LABAN for hir saik,
Fourtene yeir bound, with hart immutabill,
Thair bene bot few sic now I undertaik.
Thir fair Ladyis in filk and claith of laik,
Thus lang fall not all foundin be sa stabill,
This VENUS court, quilk was in lufe maist abil,
For till discribe my cunninges to waik,
Ane multitude thay war innumerabill.

LIII.

Of gudlie folk in euerie rank † and age,
With blenkis sweit fresche lustie grene curage,
And dalyance thay riding furth in feir,
Sum leuis in hope, and sum in greit thirlage
Sum in dispair, sum findis his panis swage.

* Nerfissus.

† kynd

Garlandis of flouris aud rois chaipletis feir,
 Thay bair on heid ; and famin sang fa cleir,
 Quhill that thair mirth commouit my curage,
 Till fing this lay quhilk followand ye may heir.

LIV.

Constrainit hart belappit in distres *,
 Groundit in wo, and full of heuines,
 Complaine thy painefull cairis infinite,
 Bewaill this warldis frail unsteidfastnes,
 Hauand regrait, fen gain is thy gladnes,
 And all thy solace returnit in dispite,
 O catiue thrall inuolupit in fyte †,
 Confes thy fatall wofull wretchednes,
 Deuide in twane and furth diffound all tyte
 Aggreuance greit in miserable indyte.

LV.

My cruell fate subiectit to pennance
 Predestinate, sa void of all plesance
 Hes everie greif amid my hart ingraue,
 The slide inconstant deslenie or chance,
 Unequallie dois hing in thair balance,
 My demerites and greit dolour I haue,
 This purgatorie redoubliis all the laue,
 Ilk wicht hes sum weilfair at obeyfance,
 Saif me bysning ‡, that may na grace refaue
 Deid the addres, and do me to my graue.

* A ballet of inconstant love.

† involvit in despyte.

‡ besuing.

LVI.

Wo worth sic strang misfortune anyous,
 Quhilk hes opprest my spreits maist joyous,
 Wo worth this warldis freuch felicitie,
 Wo worth my feruent diseis dolorous,
 Wo worth the wicht that is not piteous,
 Quhair the trespaffour penitent thay se.
 Wo worth this deid that daylie dois me die,
 Wo worth CUPYD, and wo worth fals VENUS,
 Wo worth thame baith, ay waryit mot thay be,
 Wo worth thair court and cursit destenie.

LVII.

Loud as I mocht in dolour all destrenyiet,
 This lay I sang, and not ane letter fenyet,
 Tho' saw I VENUS on hir lip did bite,
 And all the court in haste thair horsis renyiet
 Proclamand loude, quhair is yone poid that plenyet,
 Quhilk deith deseruis, comittand sic despite,
 Fra tre to tre thay seirching but respite.
 Quhill ane me fand, quhilk said and greit disdenyiet,
 Auant villane thow reclus imperfite.

LVIII.

All in ane feuir out of my muskane bowr,
 On kneis I crap, and law for feir did lowre,
 Than all the court en me thair heidis schuik,
 Sum glowmand grim, sum girnand with visage sowre,
 Sum in the nek gaue me feil dyntis dowre.
 Pluck at the craw thay cryit, deplome the ruik,
 Pulland my hair, with blek my face they bruik,

Skrym-

Skrymmorie fery gaue me mony a clowre
For chypynutie ful oft my chaftis quik.

LXIX.

With pane, torment, thus in thair tenefull play,
Till VENUS bound thay led me furth the way,
Quhilk than was fet amid a goldin chair ;
And fa confoundit into that fell affray,]
As that I micht confidder thair array.
Me thocht the field ouirspred with carpettis fair
(Quhilk was to foir brint barrane vile and bair)
Wer * maift plesand, bot all (the fuith to fay)|
Micht nocht ameis my greuous panefull fair.

LX.

Enthronit fat MARS, CUPYD and VENUS:
Tho' rais ane clerk was cleipit VARIUS,
Me till accufen as of a deidlie crime,
And he begouth and red ane dittay thus.
Thou wickit catiue wod and furious
Presumpteuoslie now at this present time,
My lady hes blasphemit in thy rime,
Hir sone, hir self, and hir court amorous,
For till betrais awaitit heir sen prime.

LXI.

Now God thow wait me thocht my fortune fey,
With quaikand voce and hart cald as a key,
On kneis I kneillit and mercy culd imploir,
Submittand me but only langer pley,
VENUS mandate and plesure to obey.

* wox.

Grace

Grace was denyit and my trauell forloir,
 For scho gaue charge to proceed as befoir ;
 Than VARIUS spak richt floutlie me to slei,
 Injoynand silence till ask grace ony moir.

LXII.

He demandit my answer Quhat I said ?
 Than as I mocht with curage all mismaid,
 Fra time I understude na mair supplie,
 Sair abaisit, belue I thus out braid ;
 Set of thir pointis of crime now on me laid,
 I may be quite guiltless in veritie :
 Yit first agane the Judge quhilk heer I se,
 This inordinate court, and proces quaid,
 I will object for causes twa or thre.

LXIII.

Inclynand law (quod I) with piteous face,
 I me defend, Madame, pleis it your grace,
 Say on (quod scho) Than said I thus but mair ;
 Madame ye may noe fit into this cace,
 For Ladyis may be judges in na place.
 And mairattour I am na seculair,
 A spirituall man (thocht I be void of lair)
 Cleipit I am, and aucht my liues space
 To be remit till my Judge ordinair.

LXIV.

I yow bezeik Madam with bissie cure
 Till giue ane gracious Interlocutur,
 On thir exceptiones now proponit lait.
 Thane suddenlie VENUS (I you assure)
 Deliuerit sone and with a voice so sure,

Answerit thus, thow subteil fmy God wait,
 Quhat wenis thow to degraid my hie estait,
 Me to decline as Judge, curst creature ?
 It beis not sa, the game gais uther gait.

LXV.

As we thê find thow fall thoill Judgement,
 Not of a clerk we se the represent,
 Saif onlie falsset and disfaithfull taillis.
 First quhen thow come with hart and hail intent,
 Thow the submittit to my commandement.
 Now now thairof methink to sone thow faillis.
 I wene na thing but follie that the aillis.
 Ye clerkis bene in subtell wordis quent,
 And in the deid als schairp as ony snaillis.

LXVI.

Ye bene the men beywrayis my commandis,
 Ye bene the men disturbis my servandis,
 Ye bene the men with wickit wordis feill,
 Quilk blasphemis fresche lustie young gallandis,
 That in my seruice and retinew standis.
 Ye bene the men that cleipis yow sa leill,
 With fallis behest quhill ye your purpos steill,
 Sine ye forfweir baith bodie, treuth, and handis,
 Ye bene sa fals ye can na word conceill.

LXVII.

Have done (quod scho) Schir VARIUS alswyth
 Do write the sentence, lat this catiue kyth
 Gif our power may demen his misdeid.
 Than God thow wait gif that my spreit was blyth
 The feverous hew intill my face did myith

All

All my mal-eis for fwa the horribill dreid,
 Haill me our set : I micht not say my creid,
 For feir and wo within my skin I wryith,
 I micht not pray forsuith thocht I had neid.

LXVIII.

Yet of my deith I set not half ane fle,
 For greit effeer me thocht na pane to die,
 But fair I dreed me for some uther jaip,
 That VENUS suld throw her subtillitie,
 Intill sum bysning beist transfigurat me,
 As in a beir, a bair, ane oule, ane aip,
 I traistit sa for till have bene mischaip,
 That oft I wald my hand behald to se
 Gif it alterit, and oft my visage graip.

LXIX.

Tho' I reuoluit in my mind anone,
 How that DIANE transformit ACTEONE,
 And JUNO eik as for a kow gart keip
 The fair Io that lang was wo begone,
 ARGUS her yimmit that ene had mony one,
 Quhome at the last MERCURIUS gart sleip,
 And hir deliuerit of that danger deip ;
 I rememberit also how in a stone,
 The wife of LOTH y-changit fair did weip.

LXX.

I umbethocht how JOVE and auld SATURNE
 Intill ane wolf thay did LYCAON turne ;
 And how the michtie NABUCHODONAZOR
 In beistlie forme did on the feild sojurne,
 And for his gilt was maid to weip and murne.

Thir feirfull wonders gart me dreid full soir ;
For by exemplis oft I hard tofoir.
He fuld bewar that feis his fellow spurne,
Mischance of ane fuld be an uthuris loir.

LXXI.

And rolland thus in diuers fantasies
Terribill thochtis oft my hart did gryis,
For all remeid was alterit in dispair.
Thair was na hope of mercie till deuyis,
Thair was na micht my friend be na kin wyis,
All haillelie the court was me contrair.
Than was almaiſt written the ſentence ſair,
My febill minde ſeand this greit ſuppryis,
Was than of wit and euerie blis full bair.

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR.

ARGUMENT OF PART II.

The Court of the MUSES apperis—Famous poets thair attendants—CALLIOPE inquiris VENUS quhat the poet had done—He is reprevit; and singis in praise of VENUS—CALLIOPE gives him till a nympb with quham he travellis our monie countries, and restis on Parnassus—A festival, at quhilk OVID and uther poets appeir—Proceeding with the nympb, the poet cumis to a plesand rock in a plane.

PART SECUND.

§ I.

LO thus amid this hard perplexetie,
Awaitand euer quhat moment I suld die,
Or than sum new transfiguration.
He quhilk that is eternal veritie,
The glorious Lord, ringand in persounis thre,
Prouydit hes for my saluation,
Be som good spreitis reuelatioun,
Quhilk intercessioun maid I traist for me,
I foryet all imaginatioun.

II.

All hail my dreid I tho foryet in hy,
 And all my wo, bot yet I wist not quhy,
 Save that I had some hope till be releuit.
 I raifit than my visage haistellie,
 And with a blenk anone I did espy,
 A luik sicht quhilk nocht my hart engreuit.
 Ane heuinlie rout out throw the wod eschevit
 Of quhome the bountie gif I not deny,
 Uneth may be intill ane scripture brewit.

III.

With lawreir crownit in robbis side all new,
 Of a fassoun and all of steidfast hew,
 Arrayit weill ane court I saw come neir,
 Of wise digest eloquent fathers trew,
 And plesand ladyis quhilks fresche bewtie schew,
 Singand softlie full sweit on thair maner
 On Poet wise, all diuers versis seir,
 Historyis greit in Latine tounge and Grew,
 With fresche indite and foundis gude to heir.

IV.

And sum of thame *ad Lynam* playit and sang
 Sa plesand verse quhill all the roches rang
 Metir Saphik, and also Elygie.
 Thair instrumentis allmaist war fidillis lang,
 But with a string quhilk neuer a wreist yeid wrang,
 Sum had an harp and sum a fair psaltrie *,

* After this line insert as L. ed.

On lulis sum thair accentis subtellé.

Deuydit weill and held the measure lang,
In foundis sweit of plesand melodie.

V.

The ladyis sang in voices dulcorait
Facund epistillis quhilks quhylum OVID wrait
As PHILLIS Quene, send till Duke DEMOPHOON:
And of PENELOPE the greit regrait,
Send to hir Lord scho douting his effait,
That he at *Trey* suld loisit be or tone.
How ACCONTIUS till CYDIPPE anone
Wrait his complaint, thair hard I weill, God wait,
With other lustie missives mony one.

VI.

I had greit wonder of thay Ladyis* feir,
Quhilks in that airt nicht haue na † compeir
Of castis quent, rethorik colouris fine,
Sa poetlike in subteill fair maneir,
And eloquent firme cadence regulair.
Thair veyage furth contenand richt as line,
With sang and play (as said is) sa deuine,
Thay fast approaching to the place weill neir,
Quhair I was torment into my greit ‡ pine.

VII.

And as that heuinlie fort now nominate,
Remouit furth on gudlie wise thair gait.
Toward the court quhilk was tofoir expremit,
My curage grew, for quhat cause I nocht wait,

* thair layis.

† na way.

‡ in my gastly.

Saif that I held me payit of thair estait ;
 And thay wer folk of knowledge * as it semit.
 Als into V E N U S court full fast thay demit ;
 Sayand, yone lustie court weill stop or meit †,
 To justifie this byfning quhilk blasphemit.

VIII.

Yone is (quod thay) the court Rethoricall,
 Of polit termis singand Poeticall,
 And constand ground of famous stories sweit,
 Yone is the facund well celestially,
 Yone is the fontane and originall,
 Quhair fra the well of *Helicon* dois fleit,
 Yone are the folks that comfortis euerie spreit,
 Be fine delite and dite angelicall,
 Causand gros leid, all of maist gudness gleit.

IX.

Yone is the court of plesand steidfastnes,
 Yone is the court of constant merines,
 Yone is the court of joyous discipline,
 Quhilk causis folk thair purpois to expres,
 In ornate wise prouokand with gladness,
 All gentill hartis to thair lair inclyne.
 Euerie famous poeit men may diuine,
 Is in yone rout, lo yonder thair princes,
 T H E S P I S, the mother of the musis nine.

X.

And nixt hir sene hir dochter first begot,
 Lady C L I O, quhilk craftilie dois set,

* knowlagis.

† our mate.

History is auld like as thay war present ;
 EUTERPE eik whilk daylie dois hir det,
 In dulce blastis of pypis sweit but let ;
 The third sifter, THALIA, diligent
 In wantown writ, and chronikill dois imprint ;
 The feird indytis oft with cheikis wet,
 Sair tragedies, MELPOMENE the gent.

XI.

TERPSICHORE the fyft with humbill foun,
 Makis on psalteris modulation ;
 The sixt ERATO like thir lovers wilde,
 Will sing, daunce, and leip baith up and doun.
 POLYMNIA, the seuint muse of renoun,
 Dyts thir sweit rethorick colouris milde,
 Quhilks are sa plesand baith to man and childe ;
 URANIA, the aucht sifter schene with crown,
 Writis the heuin and starnis all bedene.

XII.

The nynt, quhome to nane uther is compeir,
 CALLIOPE that lustie lady cleir,
 Of quhom the bewtie, and the worthiness,
 The vertewis greit, schynis baith far and neir.
 For scho of nobill fatis hes the steir,
 To write thair worschip, victorie and prowes,
 In kinglie style quhilk dois thair fame increas,
 Ecleipt in Latine *heroicus*, but weir
 Chief of all write, like as scho is maistres.

XIII.

Thir musis nine lo yonder may ye see,
 With fresche nymphis of water and of fey,

And fair ladyis of thir tempillis auld,
 PYERIDES, DRYADES and SATUREE,
 NERIDES, AONES, NAPEE,
 Of quhome the bounties neidis not be tauld.
 Thus demit the court of VENUS mony fauld :
 Quhilk speiche refreshit my perplexitie,
 Rejoisand weill my spreit befor was cauld.

XIV.

The suddane sight of that firme court foresaid,
 Recomfort weill my hew befor was said,
 Amid my spreit the joyous heit redoundit,
 Behalding how the lustie musis raid,
 And all thair court quhilk was sa blyth and glaid,
 Quhais merines all heuines confoundit.
 Thair saw I weill in poetrie y-groundit,
 The greit HOMEIR, quhilk in Greik * language said,
 Maist eloquentlie, in quhome all witt aboundit.

XV.

Thair was the greit Latine VIRGILIUS,
 The famous father Poet OVIDIUS,
 DICTES, DARES, and eik the trew LUCANE ;
 Thair was PLAUTUS, POGGIUS, and PERSIUS ;
 Thair was TERENCE, DONATE, and SERVIUS,
 FRANCIS PETRARCHE, FLACCUS VALERIANE ;
 Thair was ESOPÉ, CATO, and ALLANE ;
 Thair was GALTERUS and BOETIUS ;
 Thair was also the greit QUINTILLIANE.

* Grew.

Thair

XVI.

Thair was the Satyr Poet JUENALL;
 Thair was the mixt and subteill MARTIAL:
 Of *Thebes* bruyt thair was the Poet STACE;
 Thair was FAUSTUS, and LAURENCE of the VALE;
 POMPONIUS, quhais fame of late fans faill,
 Is blawin wyde throw euerie realm and place;
 Thair was the moral wyfe Poet HORACE,
 With mony uther clerk of greit auail;
 Thair was BRUNNELL, CLAUDIUS, and BOCCHACE.

XVII.

Sa greit ane preis of pepill drew us neir,
 The hundredth part thair names ar not heir,
 Yit saw I thair of BRUTUS *Albyon*,
 GEFFRAY CHAUCIER, as *a per se* fans peir
 In his vulgare; and morall JOHN GOWEIR.
 LYDGATE the monk raid musing him alone.
 Of this natioun I knew also anone,
 Greit KENNEDIE and DUNBAR yit undeid,
 And QUINTINE with ane huttock on his heid.

XVIII.

Howbeit I culd declair and weill indite,
 The bounties of that court dewlie to write,
 War our prolixit transcending mine ingine.
 Tutching the proces of my panefull fite,
 Belue I saw thir lustie musis quhite,
 With all thair rout toward VENUS decline,
 Quhair CUPIDE sat with her in throne diuine,
 I standand bundin in ane forie plite,
 Bydand thair grace, or than my deidlie pine.

Straicht

XIX.

Straicht to the Quene thir famin musis raid,
 Maist eloquentlie thair salutationis maid,
 VENUS again yaid thame thair salusing,
 Richt reverentlie, and on hir seit upbraid,
 Beseikand thame to licht, nay, nay thay said,
 We may not heir mak na lang tarying.
 CALLIOPE maist facund and leening,
 Inquirit VENUS quhat wicht had hir misnaid,
 Or quhat was cause of hir thair sojourning.

XX.

Sister, said scho, behald yone bysning schrew,
 A subtell smy, consider weill his hew,
 Standis thair bound, and bekinit hir to me,
 Yone catiue has blasphemit me of new,
 For to degraid, and do my fame adew,
 A laithlie ryme dispiteful subtellé
 Compylet hes, reheirfand loud on hie,
 Sclander, dispite, sorrow and velanie *,
 To me, my sone, and eik our court for aye.

XXI.

He hes deseruit deith, he sall lie † deid,
 And we remaine forsuith into this steid.
 To justifie that rebald rennegait,
 Quod CALLIOPE, sister away all feid,
 Quhy suld he die, quhy suld he lois his heid?
 To slay him for sa finall ane cryme God wait,
 Greitar degrading war to your estait,

* wallaway.

† be.

To sic as he to mak counter pleid *,
How may ane fule your hie honour † chek mait ?

XXII.

Quhat of his lak, sa wide your fame is blaw,
Your excellence maist peirles is sa know,
Na wretchis word may depair your hie name.
Giue me his life, and modifie the law,
For on my heid he standis now sic aw,
That he fall efter deserue neuer mair blame,
Nocht of his deith ye may report bot schame,
In recompence for his missettand saw,
He fall your hest in euerie part proclame.

XXIII.

Than, Lord ! how glaid became my febill goist,
My curage grew, the whilk befor was loist,
Seand I had sa greit ane aduocait,
That expertlie but prayer, price or cost,
Obtenit had my friuoll ‡ actioun almost,
Quhilk was befor perischit and desolait :
This quhile VENUS stude in ane studie strait,
Bot finallie scho schew till all the oist
Scho wald do grace, and not be obstinait.

XXIV.

I will said scho haue mercie and pietie,
Do flaik my wraith, and let all rancour be ;
Quhair is mair vice than to be ouer cruell ?
And specially in women sic as me.

* All out than wes his sclander, or sich plede.

† renown.

‡ frowel.

A lady,

A lady, fy! that ufis tyrannie,
 A venomous ather and a * ferpent fell.
 A vennemous dragoun or ane deuill of hell,
 Is na compeir to the iniquitie
 Of bald wemen, as thir wife clerkis tell.

XXV.

Greit God defend I fuld be ane of tho,
 Quhilk of thair feid and malice never ho,
 Out on sic gram, I will haue na repreif,
 CALLIOPE, fister, (said to hir VENUS tho),
 At your requeist this wretche fall freily go.
 Heir I remit his trespas; and all grief
 Sall be forget, fa he fall fay sum breif,
 Or schort ballat, in contrair pane and wo,
 Twitching my laude, and his plesand relief.

XXVI.

And secundlie, the nixt reffonabill command,
 Quhilk I him charge, se that he nocht gane stand,
 On thir conditiounis fister at your requeist,
 He fall gang fre; quod CALLIOPE inclinand,
 Grant mercie fister, I obleis be my hand,
 He fall obserue in all pointis your behest.
 Than VENUS bade do slaik sone my arreist.
 Bellyue I was releuit † of eurie band,
 Uprais the court, and all the parlour ceist.

XXVII.

Tho sat I down lawlie upon my kne,
 At command of prudent CALLIOPE,

* No woman is, rather a.

† relefchit.

Yeildand VENUS thankis ane thousand fyith,
 For sa hie friendship, and mercifull pietie,
 Excelland grace, and greit humanitie,
 The quhilk to me trespaffour did scho kyith.
 I the forgiue, quod scho, than was I blyth,
 Doun on ane flock I sat me suddenlie
 At hir command, and wrait this lay alswyth.

XXVIII.

Unwemmit witt deliuerit of dangair,
 Maist happellie deliuerit fra the snair,
 Relenit fre of seruice and bondage,
 Expell dolour, expell diseifis fair,
 Avoid displesure womenting and cair,
 Reffaue plesance, and do thy sorrow swage,
 Behald thy glaid fresche lustie grene curage,
 Rejoice amid thir louers but dispair *,
 Prouide ane place to plant thy tender age,
 In lestand blis to remane and repair †.

XXIX.

Quha is in welth ? Quha is weill fortunate ?
 Quha is in pes disseuerit fra debait ?
 Quha leuis in hope, Quha leuis in esperance,
 Quha standis in grace, Quha standis in firm estait ?
 Quha is content, rejoycit air and lait,
 Or Quha is he that fortoun dois auance ?
 Bot thow that is replenischt of plesance,
 Thow hes comfort, all weilfair delicate,

* lait and air.

† Quhair thou in joy and plesour may repair.

Thow

Thow hes glaidnes, thow hes the happie chance,
Thow hes thy will, Thow be nocht desolait.

XXX.

Incres in mirthfull consolatioun,
In joyous sweit imaginatioun,
Abound in lufe of purifyt amouris,
With diligent trew deliberatioun,
Rander louingis for thy saluatioun,
Till VENUS, and under her guerdoun all houris,,
Rest at all eis, but fair or fitefull schouris,
Abide in quiet, maist constant weillfair*,
Unwemmit wit deliuerit of all danger.

XXXI.

This lay was red in oppin audience,
Of the musis and in VENUS presence,
I stand content thow art obedient,
Quod CALLIOPE, my companion and defence.
VENUS said eik it was some recompence,
For my trespas, I was sa penitent.
And with that word all suddanelie scho went,
In ane instant scho and hir court was hence :
Yit still abaid thir musis on the bent.

XXXII.

Inclynand then I said CALLIOPE,
My protectour, my help and my supplie,

* After this line :

Be glaid and licht now in thy lusty flouris.

The line should rhyme to *saluatioun*. St. XXVIII has also an extra line.

My

My fouerane lady, my redemption,
 My mediatour, quhen I was dampnit to die,
 I fall beseik the godlie majestie,
 Infinite thankis, laude and benifoun,
 Yow till acquite, according your renoun.
 It langis nocht my possibilitie,
 Till recompence ten part of this guerdoun.

XXXIII.

Gloir, honour, laude, and reuerence conding,
 Quha may foryeild yow of sa hie ane thing?
 And in that part your mercie I imploir,
 Submitting me my life-time induring,
 Your plesance and mandate till obeyfing.
 Silence, said scho, I haue eneuch heirfoir,
 I will thow wend and vesie wonderis moir.
 Than scho me hes betaucht in keiping,
 Of ane sweit nympe maist faithfull and decoir.

XXXIV.

Ane hors I gat maist richelie befene
 Was harneist all with wodbind leuis grene,
 Of the same fute the trappours law down hang.
 Quir him I straid at command of the quene,
 Tho famin furth we ryding all bedene,
 Als swift as thocht with mony a merie sang,
 My nymph alwayis conuoyit me of thrang,
 Amid the musis to se quhat thay wald mene
 Quhilks sang and playit, but neuer a wreist yeid wrang.

XXXV.

Throw countreis feir, holtis, and rockes hie,
 Quir vaillis, planis, wodds, wallie, sey,

Vol. I.

H

Quir

Ouir fluidis fair, and mony strait mountane,
 We war caryit in twinkling of ane eye.
 Our horfis flaw, and raid nocht, as thocht me,
 Now out of *France* turfit in *Tuskané*,
 Now out of *Flanders* heich up in *Almanie*,
 Now into *Egypt*, now into *Italie*,
 Now in the realm of *Trace*, and now in *Spaine*.

XXXVI.

The hie montanes we passit of *Germanie*,
 Ouir *Appennynus* devydand *Italie*,
 Ouir *Ryne*, the *Pow*, and *Tiber*, fluidis fair,
 Ouir *Alpheus*, by *Pysse* the riche cietie,
 Under the eirth that enters in the see.
 Ouir *Rone*, ouir *Sane*; ouir *France*, and eik ouir *Lair*,
 And ouir *Tagus* the golden sandit riuar;
 In *Thessalie* we passit the mont *Oesbe*,
 And **HERCULES** in sepulture sand thair.

XXXVII.

Thair went we ouir the riuar *Peneys*,
 In *Sicill* eik we passit the mont *Tmolus*;
 Pleinisht with saiffon, honie, and with wyne;
 The twa toppit famous *Parnasus*;
 In *Trace* we went out ouir the mont *Emus*,
 Quhair **ORPHEUS** leirit his harmonie maist syne.
 Ouir *Carmelus* quhair twa prophetis deuyne,
 Remainit, **HELIAS**, and **HELISEUS**,
 Fra quhome the ordour of Carmelites came syne.

XXXVIII.

And nixt into the Land of *Amason*,
 In haist we past the flude *Termodyon*,

And

And our the huge hill that echt *Mynas*,
 We raid the hill of *BACCHUS Citheron*,
 And *Olympus* the mont of *Macedon*,
 Quhilk semis heich up in the heuin to pass,
 In that countrie we raid the flude *Melas*,
 Quhais water makis quhite scheip blak anone;
 In *Europe* eik we raid the flude *Thanas*.

XXXIX.

We raid the swift riuier *Spartbiades*,
 The flude of *Surry Achicorontes*;
 The hill sa full of wellis cleipit *Ida*;
Armenie hillo; and flude *Eupbrates*;
 The flude of *Nyle*, the precious flude *Ganges*
 The hill of *Sicill* ay birnand *Etbna*;
 And our the mont of *Phrygie Dindama*,
 Hallowit in honour of the mother goddes;
 Cauld *Caucasus* we past in *Sytbia*.

XL.

We passit the fludis of *Tigris* and *Phison*,
 Of *Thrace* the riuers *Hebrus* and *Strymon*,
 The mount of *Modan*, and the flude *Jordane*,
 The facund well and hill of *Helicon*,
 The mont *Eryx*, the well of *Acheron*,
 Baith dedicate to *VENUS* in certain.
 We past the hill and desert of *Libane*,
 Our mont *Cintbus* quhair god *APOLLO* ichone,
 Straicht to the musis *Castaline* * fountane.

* Cabelins

XLI.

Beside that cristall well sweit and digest,
 Thame to repois, thair hors refresche and rest,
 Alichtit doun thir musis cleir of hew.
 The companie all haillelie leist and best,
 Thrang to the well to drink, quhilk ran south west,
 Throw out ane meid quhair alkin flouris grew.
 Among the laif full fast I did persew,
 To drink, bot sa the greit preis me opprest,
 That of the water I micht not taste a drew.

XLII.

Ouir horsis pasturit in ane plesand plane,
 Law at the fute of ane fair greene montane,
 Amid ane meid schaddowit with Ceder treis.
 Saif fra all heit, thair micht we weil remain.
 All kinde of herbis, flouris, frute, and greine,
 With eurie growand tre thair men micht cheis.
 The beryall streams rinnand ouir stanerie * greis,
 Made sober noyis; the schaw dinnet agane,
 For birdis sang, and sounding of the beis.

XLIII.

The ladyis fair on diuers instrumentis,
 Went playand, singand, dansand, ouir the bentis,
 Full angellick and heuialie was their soun.
 Quhat creature amid his hart imprintis,
 The fresche bewtie the gudelic representis,
 The merrie speiche, fair hauingis, hie renown,
 Of thame, wald set a wise man half in swoun.

* Sterny.

Thair

Thair womanlines wryithit the elementis,
Stoneist the heuin, and all the irth adoun.

XLIV.

The world may not confidder nor descriue
The heuinlie joy, the blis I saw belive,
Sa ineffable, abone my witt sa hie.
I will na mair thairon my foreheid riue,
Bot briefly furth my febill procefs drive.
Law in the meid an Palyeon picht I se,
Maist gudliest, and richeft that micht be :
My governour oftner than times fue,
Unto that hald to pafs commandit me.

XLV.

Swa finally straicht to that royall steed,
In fellowschip with my leidar I yeid :
We enterit sone, the portar was not thra,
Thair was na stopping, lang demand, nor pleid.
I kneillit law, and unheilded my heid,
And tho I saw our ladyis twa and twa,
Sittand on deissis *; familiars to and fra,
Servand thame fast with ypocras and meid,
Delicate meitis, dainteis feir alswa

XLVI.

Greit was the preis, the feist royal to sene,
At eis thay ate with interludis betwene ;
Gauce problemis feir and mony fair demandis,
Inquyrand quha best in their times had bene,
Quha triast lovers in lustie yeirs grene ;

* deace.

H 3

Sum

T H E P A L I C E

Sum said this way, and sum thairto ganestandis,
Than CALLIOPE, OUIDE to appeir commandis,
My clerk, quod scho, of register bedene,
Declair quha war maist worthie of thair handis.

XLVII.

With laurer crownit at hir commandement,
Upstude this poet digest and eloquent,
And schew the fetis of HERCULES the strang,
How he the grislie hellis hounds outrent,
Slew lyounis, monsturis, and mony fell serpent,
And to the deith feill michty gyantis dang.
Of THESEUS eik he schew * the weiris lang,
Agane the quene YPOLITA the sweit,
And how he slew the MINOTAUR in *Creit*.

XLVIII.

Of PERSEUS he tauld the knichtly deidis,
Quhilk vinqushed, (as men in OUIDE rejdis,)
Creuell tyrantis and monstures mony one.
Of DIANIS bair in *Callidon* the dreidis,
How throw ane ladyis schot his sydis bleidis,
The bretheris deith, and syne the sister's mone,
He schew how king PYRAMUS sone YSSACONE,
After his deith, bodie and all his weidis,
Intill ane skarth transformit was anone.

XLIX.

He schew at *Troy* quhat wise the Greiks landis,
How feirs ACHILLES stranglit with his handis,
The valyeant CYGNUS, NEPTUNE's son maist deir;

* tald.

Qnhilk

Quhilk at Greiks arriual on the strandis,
 A thousand flew that day upon the sandis,
 Faught with ACHILL and bluntit all his speir.
 Na wapin was that might him wound or deir,
 Quhill ACHILLES brist of his helme the bandis,
 And wirryit him be force for all his feir.

L.

He schaw full mony transmutatiounis,
 And wonderfull new figouratiounis,
 Be hundrethis, mo than I haue heir expremit ;
 He tauld of lufis meditatiounis,
 The craft of lufe and the salwatiounis,
 How that the furie lustis suld be flamet.
 Of diuers uther matters als he demit,
 And be his prudent schairp relatiounis,
 He was expert of all thing as it semit.

LI.

Uprais the greit VIRGILLIUS anone,
 And playit the sportis of DAPHNIS and CORYDONE ;
 Sine TERENCE come, and playit the Comedy,
 Of PARMENO, THRASON, and wife GNATONE.
 JUVENALL like ane mowar him allone,
 Stude scornand euerie man as thay yeid by,
 MARTIAL was cuik, till roist, feith, farce and fry,
 And POGGIUS stude with mony girne and grone,
 On LAURENCE VALLA spittand, and cryand fy !

LII.

With mirthis thus and meitis delicate,
 Thir ladyis feistit according thair estait,
 Uprais at last, commandand till tranoynt.

Retreit was blawn loude, and than God waite,
 Men nicht have sene swift horsis haldin hait,
 Schynand for sweit, as thay had bene anoynt.
 Of all that rocht was neuer a prick disjoynt,
 For all our tary, and I furth with my mait,
 Mountit on hors, raid samin in gude point.

LIII.

Ouir mony gudlie plane we raid bedene,
 The vail of *Hebron*, the camp *Damascene*,
 Throw *Josaphat*, and throw the lustie vail;
 Ouir waters wan, throw worthie woddis grene.
 And swa at last on lifting up our ene,
 We se the final end of our trauail,
 Amid ane plane a plesand roche to waill,
 And euerie wicht fra we that sicht had sene,
 Thankand greit God, their heidis law deuail.

LIV.

With singin, lauchin, merines and play,
 Unto this roche we rydand furth the way.
 Now mair to write for feir tremblis my pen.
 The hart may not think nor mannis tounge say,
 The eir nocht heir, nor yit the eye se may,
 It may not be imaginith with men,
 The heuinlie blis the perfite joy to ken,
 Quhilk now I saw: the hundredth part, all day,
 I nicht not schaw thocht I had toungeis ten.

LV.

Thocht all my members toungeis war on raw,
 I war not able the thousand fauld to schaw,
 Quhairfoir I feir ocht farther mair to write,

For

For quhidder I this in faul or bodie saw,
 That wait I nocht, bot he that all dois knaw,
 The greit God wait, in euerie thing perfite.
 Eik gif I wald this auisioun indite,
 Jangleris fuld it backbite, and stand nane aw,
 Cry out on dreimis quhilks are not worth an mite.

LVI.

Senthis till me all verity be kend,
 I repute thus better to make ane end,
 Than ocht to say that fuld heiraris engreif:
 On uther side, thocht thay me vilipend,
 I confider prudent folk will commend,
 The veritie, and sic jangling repreif,
 With quhais correctioun, support and relief,
 Furth to proceid, this proces I pretend,
 Traistand in God my purpois to escheif.

LVII.

Howbeit I may not euerie circumstance,
 Reduce perfutely in remembrance,
 Myne ignorance yit sum part fall denife,
 Twitching this sight of heuiplye sweit plesance.
 Now emptie pen write furth thy lustie chance,
 Schaw wonderis feill, suppois thou be not wise,
 Be diligente and repelie the auise.
 Be quick and schairp voidit of variance,
 Be sweit, and caus not gentill hartis grife,

THE
PALICE OF HONOUR.

ARGUMENT OF PART III.

The poet ascendis the rock—Hell of idlenes—Shipwreck of the carvel of the state of grace—First sight of the PALACE OF HONOUR—Description of it—VENUS thar, and his mirrour quiblk reflectis al the gret acts of auld tymes—Account of sacred and profane historie—Plesand debaitements, mock heroes as Fingal, &c. and enchaunters, alsua sene—Allegoricall description of king HONOUR and his court—The persons thar—The poet wisshing to pas intil the gardyne of flouris of rethoric, supposis he droppis from a brig, and wakis—Address to king JAMES IV.

PART THRID.

§ I.

YE musis nine be in my adiutorie,
That made me se this blis and perfite glorie,
Teiche me your facund castis eloquent,
Len me a recent schairp fresche memorie,
And caus me dewlie till indite this storie.
Sum gracious sweetnes in my breist imprent,
Till mak the heirars bowsom and attent,
Reidand my wreitt illuminate with your loir,
Infinite thankis randerand yow thairfoir.

Now

II.

Now briefly to my purpose for till gone,
 About the hill lay wayis mony one,
 And to the hicht bot ane passage ingraue,
 Hewin in the roche of slid hard marbell stone.
 Agane the sone like to the glas it schone,
 The ascence was hie, and strait for till consue.
 Yit than thir musis gudelic and suave,
 Alichtit down and clam the roche in hie,
 With all the rout, out tane my nimphe and I.

III.

Still at the hillis fute we twa abaid,
 Than suddanlie my keipar to me said,
 Ascend galland: than for feir I quik.
 Be not affrayit, scho said, be not dismayit.
 And with that word up the strait rod abraid,
 I followit fast, scho be the hand me tuick,
 Yit durst I neuer for dreid behind me luik.
 With meikle pain thus clam I neir the hicht,
 Quhair suddanelie I saw ane grislie sicht.

IV.

As we approchit neir the hillis heid,
 Ane terribill fewch birnand in flammis reid,
 Abhominabill, and how as hell to see,
 All full of brinstane, pick, and bulling leid,
 Quhair mony wretchit creature lay deid,
 And miserabill catines yelland loud on hie,
 I saw: quhilk den nicht weill cōmpairit be,
 Till *Xantbus* the flude of *Troy* sa schill,
 Birnand at *VENUS'* heft contrair *ACHILL*,

Amid

V.

Amid our passage lay this ugie sicht,
 Nocht braid but sa horribill to euerie wicht,
 That all the warld to pass it suld have dreid.
 Weil I considerit na upper mair I nicht,
 And to descend sa hidious was the hicht,
 I durst not auenture for this eird on breid.
 Trimbland I stude with teith chatterand gude speid,
 My nymphe beheld my cheir, and said let be,
 Thow fall nocht aill, and lo the caus (quod sche).

VI.

To me thow art commit, I fall the keip.
 Thir pieteous pepill amid this laithlie deip,
 War wretchis quhilks in lustie yeiris fair,
 Pretendit thame till hie honour to creip,
 Bot suddanlie thay fell on slewthfull sleip,
 Followand plesance drownit in this loch of cair.
 And with that word scho hint me be the hair,
 Carpit me till the hillis heid anone,
 As ABACUK was brocht in *Babylons*.

VII.

As we bene on the hie hill situait,
 Luik down, quod scho, consaue iu quhat estait,
 Thy wretchit warld thow may consider now.
 At her command with meikill dreid, God wait,
 Out our the hill sa hiddious hie and strait,
 I blent adoun and felt my body grow,
 This brukill eird sa litill till allow,
 Me thocht I saw birn in ane fireie rage,
 Of stormie sey, quhilk might na maner swage.

That

VIII.

That terribill tempest, hiddeous wallis huge,
 War maist grisslie for to behald or judge,
 Quhair nouthar rest nor quiet nicht appeir,
 Thair was ane perrelous place * folk for to lodge,
 Thair was na help support not yit refuge.
 Innumerabill folk I saw flotterand in feir,
 Quhilk pereist on the walterand wallis weir.
 And secundlie I saw a lustie barge,
 Ouirfett with seyis, and mony stormy charge.

IX.

This gudellie carvell taiklit traist on raw,
 With blanschit sail milk quhite as ony snaw,
 Richt fouer, ticht and wonder stranglie beildit,
 Was ou the boldyn wallis quite ouirthraw.
 Contrariousslie the bufterous wind did blaw
 In bubbis thiek, that na schippis sail nicht weild it.
 Now sank scho law, now hie to heuin up heildit.
 At everie part swa sey and windis draif,
 Quhill on ane sand the schip did burst and claif.

X.

It was a pieteous thing, alaik, alaik,
 To heir the dulefull cry, quhen that scho straik,
 Maist lamentabill the pereist folk to se.
 Sa famist drowkit, mait, torewrocht, and waik,
 Sum on an plank of fir tre, and sum of aik,
 Sum hang upon a takill, sum on ane tre,
 Sum fra thair grip sone waschin with the see,

* palyce.

Part drownit, part to the roche fleit or swam,
On raipis or buirdis, fine up the hill they clam.

XL

Tho at my nympe breisic I did enquire,
Quhat signifiet that feirfull wonder feir.
Yone multitude said scho of pepill drint,
Ar faithles folk, quhilkis quhill thay ar heir,
Misknawis God and followis thair pleseir,
Quhairfoir thay fall in endlis fire be brint.
Yone lustie schip yow seis pereist and tint,
In quhome yone pepill maid ane perrelous race,
Scho hecht the CARVELL OF THE STATE OF GRACE.

XII.

Ye bene all borne the sonnis of Ire, I gues,
Sine throw Baptisme gettis grace and faithfulness,
Than in yone carvell surelie ye remane,
Of stormest with this warldis brucklenes,
Quhill that ye fall in sin and wretchitnes,
Than schip broken fall ye drown in endles pane,
Except by faith ye find the plank agane,
Be Christi working gude warkis I understand,
Remane thair with, this fall yow bring to land.

XIII.

This may suffice, quod scho, twinchand this part;
Return thy heid, behald this uther art;
Consider wonders and be vigilant,
That thou may better endyten efterwart,
Things quhilkis I fall the schaw or we depart,
Thow fall haue fouth of sentence and not scant.
Thair is na welth nor weillfair thow fall want,

The

The greit PALICE of HONOUR thow fall se,
Lift up thy heid, behald that sicht, quod sche.

XIV.

At hir command I raifit hie on hicht,
My visage till behald that heuinlie sicht;
Bot to discriue this matter in effect,
Impossibill war to ony eirdlie wicht.
It transcendis feir abone my micht
That I with ink may do bot paper blek,
I most draw furth the yok lyis on my nek,
As of the place to fay my leude auise,
Pleneist with plesance like to Paradise.

XV.

I saw a plane of peirles puleritude,
Quhairin aboundit alkin thingis gude,
Spyce, wine, corne, oyle, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene;
All foullis beistis, birdis, and alkin fude.
All maner fisches baith of fey and flude,
War keipit in pondis of poleist siluer schene,
With purifyit water as of the cristall clene.
To noy the small the greit beistis had na will,
Nor rauenous foulis the lytill volatill.

XVI.

Still in the sessoun all thingis remanit thair,
Perpetuallie but outhir noy or fair,
Ay rypit war baith herbis frute and flouris.
Of euerie thing the namis to declair,
Unto my febill wit unpossibill wair.
Amid the meid replet of sweit odouris,
A palice flude with mony royal towris,

Quhair kyrnellis quent feill turets men nicht find,
And goldin fanis waifand with the wind.

XVII.

Pinnakillis, fyellis, turnpekkis mony one,
Gilt birneist torris, quhilk like to Phebus schone,
Skarfment, reprice, corbell, and battellingis,
Fullyery, bordouris of many precious stane,
Sub:ill muldrie wrocht mony day agone,
On butterys, jalme, pillaris and plesand springis.
Quick imagerie with mony lustie syngis,
Thair nicht be sene: and monie worthie wichtis,
Befoir the yet arrayit all at richtis.

XVIII.

Furth past my nympe, I followit subsequent,
Straicht throw the plane to the first waird we went,
Of the palice, and enterit at the port.
Thair saw we mony staitlie tournament,
Lancis brokin, knichtis laid on the bent.
Plesand pastance, and mony lustie sport,
Thair saw we als, and sum time battell mort;
All thir quod scho, on VENUS seruice vaikis,
In deidis of armis for thair ladyis saikis.

XIX.

Vesfyand I stude the principal place but peir,
That heuinlie palice all of cristall cleir,
Wrocht as me thocht of polist berial stane.
Bosiliall nor Oliab but weir,
Quhilk *sancta sanctorum* maid maist riche and deir,
Nor he that wroucht the temple of SALOMON,
Nor he that buildit the royall *T'lon*,

Nor

Nor he that forgit DARIUS sepulture,
Culd not performe sa craftilie ane cure.

XX.

Studiand heiron my nymphe unto me spak,
Thus in a flair quhy standis thow stupifak,
Gouand all day, and nathing hes vesite.
Thow art prolix, in haist returne thy bak,
Ga efter me and gude attendance tak,
Quhat now thow seis luik efterwart thow write.
Thow fall behald all VENUS blis perfite,
Thairwith scho till ane garth did me conuey,
Quhair that I saw eneuch of perfite joy.

XXI.

Amid ane throne with stanis riche ouirfret,
And claith of gold Lady VENUS was set,
By hir, hir sone CUPIDE quhilk nathing seis.
Quhair MARS enterit na knowlege nicht I get.
Bot straicht befoir VENUS visage but let,
Stude emeraut stages twelf, grene precious greis,
Quhairon thair grew thre curious goldin treis,
Sustentand weill the goddes face beforne,
Ane fair mirrour be thame quently upborne.

XXII.

Quhairof it makit was I haue na feill,
Of beriall, cristall, glas, or birnist steill,
Of diamant, or of the carbunkill gem;
Quhat thing it was define may I not weill,
Bot all the bordour circular euerie deill,
Was plait of gold, cais, stock, and utter hem,
With vertious stanis picht that blude wald stem.

For quha that woundit was in the tornament,
Wox haill fra he upon the mirroure blent.

XXIII.

This royall rillik sa riche and rarious,
Sa polist, plesand, purifyit, precious,
Quhais bounteis half to write I not presume.
Thairon to se was sa delicious,
And sa excelland schaddowis gracions,
Surmounting far in brichtnes, to my dome,
The coistlie subtill spektakill of *Rome*,
Or yet the mirroure sent to *CANACE*,
Quhairin men nicht ful mony wonders se.

XXIV.

In that mirroure I nicht se at ane sicht,
The deidis and fatis of euerie eirdly wicht,
All thingis gone like as thay war present.
All the creatiounis of the angells bricht:
Of *LUCIFER* the fall for all his might:
ADAM first man and in the eirth ysent.¹
And *NOYES* flude thair saw I subsequest:
BABYLON beild, that towre of sic renoun:
Of *Sodomis* the feill subuersioun.

XXV.

ABRAHAM, *ISAAC*, *JACOB*, *JOSEPH*, I saw,
Hornit *MOYSES* with his auld Hebrew law,
Ten plaiges in *Egypt* send for thair trespas.
In the Red sey with all his court on raw,
King *PHARAOH* drynt, that God wald neuer knaw;
I saw quhat wise the sey deuydit was,
And all the Hebrewis dry fute ouir it pas,

Sine

Sine in desert I saw thame fourty yeiris ;
Of JOSUE I saw the worthie weiris.

XXVI.

Of *Judicum* the battellis strang anone,
I saw of JEPHE, and of GEDEONE,
Of AMALECH the cruel homicide,
The wonderfull workis of douchtie duke SAMSON,
Quhilk slew a thousand with ane asses bone ;
Rent tempillis down, and yettis in his pride,
Of quhais strength marvellis this warld sa wide.
I saw duke SANGOR thair with mony a knok,
Six hundreth men slew with ane pleuchis fok.

XXVII.

The prophet SAMUEL saw I in that glas,
Anoyntit king SAULL, quhais sone JONATHAS,
I saw vincus ane greit oist him alane.
Young DAVID sla the grisslie GOLYAS,
Quhais speir heid wecht thre hundreth unces was,
JESBEDONAB the gyant mekill of mane,
Lay be the handis of michtie DAVID slane,
With fingers sex on ather hand but weir;
DAVID I saw slay baith lyon and beir.

XXVIII.

This DAVID eik at ane onfet astound,
Aucht hundreth men I saw him bring to ground.
With him I saw BANANYAS the strang,
Quhilk twa lyounis of *Moab* did confound,
And gaue the stalwart *Ethiop* deidis wound,
With his awin speir that of his hand he thrang.
Unauasitlie this champion sa I gang,

In a deep cistarne, and thair a lyoun sleuch,
 Qnhilk in a storme of snaw did harm aneuch.

XXIX.

Of SALOMON the wisdome and estaite,
 Thair saw I, and his riche tempill, God wait.
 His son ROBOAM qnhilk throw his helie pride,
 Tint all his leiges hartis be his fait,
 He was to thame sa outrageous ungrait,
 Of twelf tribes ten did fra him divyde.
 I saw the angell sla, be nichtis tide,
 Four scoir thousandis of SENNACHERIBS oist,
 Quhilk came to weir on *Jewry* with greit boist.

XXX.

I saw the life of the king EZECHY,
 Prolongit fifteen yeir; and the prophet HELY,
 Amid a fire chair to Paradise went.
 The storyis of ESRAS and of NEEMY,
 And DANIELL in the lyounis caue saw I,
 For he the dragon slew, BEL brake and schent,
 The chyldir thre amynd the fornace sent;
 I saw the transmigration in *Babylon*,
 And baith the buiks of *Paralipomenon*.

XXXI.

I saw the bailie archangell RAPHAELL,
 Marie SARA, the douchter of RAGUELL,
 On TOBIAS for his just father's saik,
 And bind the cruell deuill that was sa fell,
 Quhilk slew hir seuin first husbands, as thay tell.
 And how JUDITH HOLIPHERNES' heid off straik,
 By nichtis tyde, and fred hir town fra wraik.

JONAS

JONAS in the quhaillis womb dayis thre,
And schot furth sine I saw at *Niniue*.

XXXII.

Of JOB I saw the patience maist degeft.
Of ALEXANDER I saw the greit conquest,
Quhilk in twelf yeirs wan neir this warld on breid.
And of ANTIOCHUS the greit unrest,
How tyranlie he *Jewrie* all oprest.
Of MACHABEUS full monie ane knicht lie deid,
That gatt all *Greece* and *Egypt* stand in dreid,
In quiet brocht his realme throw his prowes.
I saw his brether SYMON and JONATHAS

XXXIII.

Quhilks war maist worthie quhil thair dayis rang.
Of *Thebes* eik I saw the weirs lang,
Quhair TYDEUS allone slew fiftie knichtis;
How finallie of *Greece* the championis strang,
All hail the flour of knichtheid in that thrang,
Destroyit was, quhill THESEUS with his michtis
The toun and CREON wan for all his slichtis.
Thair saw I how, as STATIUS dois tell,
AMPHIORAX the bishop sank to hell.

XXXIV.

The faithfull ladyis of *Greece* I micht confidder,
In claithis black all bairfote pass togidder,
Till *Thebes* sege fra thair lordis war slain;
Behald ye men that callis ladyis liddar,
And licht of laitis, quhat kindnes brocht them hidder!
Quhat treuth and lufe did in thair breists remane!
I traist ye sail reid in na writ agane,

In an realme sa mony of sic constance.
 Persaue thairby wemen ar till auance.

XXXV.

Of duke *PIRITHOUS* the spousage in that tide,
 Quhair the *CENTAURIS* rest away the bride,
 Thair saw I; and thair battell, huge to se.
 And *HERCULES* quhais renoun walkis wide,
 For *IXIONA* law by *Troyis* fide,
 Faucht and ourcome a monstour of the fey,
 For quhilk, quhen his rewaird denyit was, he
 Maid the first siege, and the destruccion,
 Of michtie *Troy*, quhyllum that royall town.

XXXVI.

To win the fleis of gold tho saw I sent,
 Of *Grece* the nobillis with *JASON* consequent,
 Haill thair conquest, and all *MEDEAS* slichtis,
 How for *JASON* *YPSIPHILE* was schent,
 And how at *Troy* as thay to *Colchos* went,
Greikis tholit of king *LAOMEDON* greit unrichtis;
 Quhairfoir *Troy* destroyit was be thair michtis,
IXIONA reuist, and *LAOMEDON* flane;
 Bot *PRYAMUS* restorit the toun agane.

XXXVII.

The judgement of *PARIS* saw I fine,
 That gaue the apill, as poetis can define,
 Till *VENUS* as goddes maist gudlie.
 And how in *Grece* he reuischit quene *HELYNE*,
 Quhairfoir the *Greikis* with thair greit navyne,
 Full mony thousand knichtis, haistilie
 Thame till reuenge, saillit towart *Troy* in hy.

I saw

I saw how be ULIXES, with greit joy,
 Quhatwise ACHILL was found, and brocht to *Troy*.

XXXVIII.

The cruell battellis, and the dintis strang,
 The greit debate, and eik the weiris lang.
 At *Troyis* seige, the mirrour to me schew;
 Sustenit ten yeirs *Greikis Trojanis* amang,
 And ather partie set full aft in thrang,
 Quhair that HECTOR did douchtie deids anew,
 Quhill feirce ACHILL baith him and TROYLUS slew.
 The greit hors maid I saw, and *Troy* fine tint,
 And fair *Ilion* all in flammis briat.

XXXIX.

Sine out of *Troy*, I saw the fugitives,
 How that ENEAS, as VIRGIL weill discrines,
 In countreis feir was by the seyis rage,
 Bewaivit oft, and how that he arriues,
 With all his flote, but danger of thair lues,
 And how thay war ressett baith man and page,
 Be quene DIDO remanand in *Cartbage*.
 And how ENEAS fine, as that thay tell,
 Went for to seik his father down to hell.

XL.

Ouir *Stix* the flude I saw ENEAS fair,
 Quhair CHARON was the bustuus ferriar;
 The fludes four of hell thair nicht I se;
 The folk in pane, the wayis circular,
 The welterand stane wrik SYSEPHO micht cair.
 And all the plesance of the camp *Elise*,
 Quhair auld ANCHISES did commoun with ENEE,

And schew be line all his successioun.

This ilk **ENEAS**, maist famous of renoun,

XLI.

I saw to goddes make the sacrifice,
 Quhair of the ordour and maner to devise,
 War our prolext; and how **ENEAS** fine,
 Went to the schip and eik I saw quhat wife,
 All his nauie greit hunger did surpise,
 How he in *Italie* finallie with greit pyne,
 Arryuit at the strandis of *Laune*,
 And how he faucht weill baith on landis and seys.
 And **TURNUS** slew, the king of *Rutileis*.

XLII.

Rome saw I beildit first be **ROMULUS**,
 And eik how lang as writes **LIUS**,
 The *Roman* kingis aboue the pepill rang,
 And how the wickit proud **TARQUINIUS**,
 With wife and bairnis be **BRUTUS JUNIUS**,
 War expelit * *Rome* for thair insufferabill wrang,
 Bot all the proces for till schaw war lang,
 How chaist **LUCRECE** the gudliest and best,
 Be **SEXTUS TARQUINE** was cruellie opprest.]

XLIII.

The *Punick* battellis in that mirrour clear,
 Betwene *Carthage* and *Romanis* mony yeir,
 I saw becaufe **ENEAS** piteous
 Fled fra **DIDO** be admonitiounis seir,
 Betwene thir pepill raise ane langsum weir;

* exilit.

I saw how worthie MARCUS REGULUS,
 Maist vailyeand, prudent, and victorious,
 Howbeit he micht at libertie gone fre,
 For commoun profite cheifit for to die.

XLIV.

TULLUS SERVILIUS douchtie in his daw,
 And MARCUS CURTIUS* eik in the mirroure I saw,
 Quhilk throw his stoutness in the fiery gap,
 For commoun profite of *Rome* himself did thraw,
 Richt unabaisitlie hauand na dreid nor aw,
 Mountit on hors, unarmit thairin lap;
 And HANNIBALL I saw be fatall hap,
 Win contrair *Romanis* mony fair victorie,
 Quhill SCIPIO eclipsit all his glorie.

XLV.

This worthie SCHIPIO cleipit APHRICANE,
 I saw vincus this HANNIBALL in plane,
 And *Cartbage* bring unto finall ruine;
 And sine to *Rome* couquerit the realme of *Spane*.
 How king JUGURTHA hes his brether slane,
 Thair saw I eik; and of his weir the fine.
 Richt weill I saw the battleis intestine,
 Of CATILINE and of LENTULUS,
 And betwene POMPEY and CESAR JULIUS.

XLVI.

And breissie euerie famous douchtie deid,
 That men in storie may se, or chronikill reid;
 I micht behald in that mirroure exprefs,

* And Quincius eik.

The miserie, the cruelie, the dreid,
 Pane, sorrow, wo, baith wretchitnes and neid,
 The greit inny, couetousness, doublenes,
 Tuitchand warldlie unfaithfull brukilness.
 I sa the feind fast folkis to vices tyft,
 And all the cumming of the Antechrist.

XLVII.

Plesand debaitments quha sa richt reportis,
 Thair might be sene, and all maner disportis;
 The falcounis for the riuier at thair gait
 Mewand the foullis *in periculo mortis*,
 Layand thame in bē companeis and fortis,
 And at the plunge part saw I handillit hait.
 The werie hunter besie air and lait,
 With questing houndis seirching to and fra,
 To hunt the hart, the bair, the da, the ra,

XLVIII.

* I saw RAE COILYEAR with his thraw in brow;
 Craibit JOHNE the REIF, and auld Cow kewpis fow;
 And how the wran came out of *Ailffay*.
 And PEIRS PLEWMAN that maid his workmen few;
 Greit GOWMACMORNE and FYN MAC COWL, and how
 Thay suld be goddis in *Ireland* as thay say †.
 Thair saw I MAITLAND upon auld Beird Gray;
 ROBENE HUDE; and GILBERT with the quhite heind,
 How HAY of NAUGHTON flew, in *Madin* land.

* This curious stanza wanting in the London edition, probably because the editor could make nothing of the strange names. It and the next are ludicrous.

† Here Ossian's heroes are palpably referred to Ireland.

The

XLIX.

The Nigromancie thair saw I eik anone,
 Of BENYTAS, BONGO, and Frier BACONE,
 With mony subtill point of juglairie;
 Of *Flanders* piis made mony precious stone,
 Ane greit laid sadill of a fisching bone,
 Of ane nutmug thay maid a Monk in hy,
 Anc paroche kirk of ane penny pye:
 And BENYTAS of an mussell maid an aip,
 With mony uther subtill mow and jaip.

L.

And schortlie to declair the verity,
 All plesand pastance and gammis that nicht be,
 In that mirroure war present to my sicht.
 And as I wonderit on that greit ferlie,
 VENUS at last, in turning of her eye,
 Knew weill my face, and said be goddis nicht,
 Ye bene welcome my personair to this hicht,
 How passit yow, quod scho, this hiddeous deip?
 Madame, Quod I, I not mair than ane scheip.

LI.

Na force thairof said scho, sen thow art heir,
 How plesis the our pastance and effeir?
 Glaidlie (quod I) madame, be God of heuin.
 Rememberis thow said scho withoutin weir,
 On thy promit quhen of thy greit dangeir,
 I the deliuerit, as now is not to neuin.
 Than answerit I agane with sober steuin,
 Madame your precept quhat sa be your will,
 Heir I remane ay reddy to fulfill.

LII.

Weill weill, said scho, thy will is sufficient,
 Of thy bowsome answer I stand content.
 Than suddanlie in hand ape buik scho hint,
 The quhilk to me betaucht scho or I went,
 Commandand me to be obedient,
 And put in ryme that proces than quite tint.
 I promisit hir forsuith or scho wald stint,
 The buik reffauand, thairon my cure to preif,
 Inclynand fine, lawlie I tuik my leif.

LIII.

Tuitchand this buik perauenture ye fall heir*,
 Sum time after quhen I haue mair lafeir.
 My nimphe in haist scho hint me be the hand,
 And as we samyn walkit furth in feir,
 I the declair, quod scho, yone mirroure cleir,
 The quhilk thou saw befor Dame VENUS stand,
 Signifyis nathing ellis to understand,
 Bot the greit bewtie of thir ladyis facis,
 Quhairin louers thinks thay behald all graces.

LIV.

Scho me conuoyit finallie to tell,
 With greit pleasance straicht to the riche castell,
 Quhair mony saw I preis to get ingres.
 Thair saw I SINON and ACHITOPHELL,
 Preissand to climb the wallis, and how they fell,
 LUCIUS CATTALINE saw I thair expres,
 In at an window preis to haue entres,

* By thys boke he menis Virgil. *Margin*

But suddanlie TULLIUS come with ane buik,
And straik him down quhill all his chaftis quik.

LV.

Fast climmand up thay luffie wallis of stone,
I faw JUGURTHA and tressonabill TRYPHONE,
Bot thay na grippis thair micht hald for flidder.
Pressand to clim stude thousands mony one,
And to the ground thay fallin euerie one.
Than on the wall ane Garritour I confidder,
Proclaimand loude that did thair hartis swidder ;
“ Out on all falsheid the mother of euerie vice,
“ Away inuy, and birnand couetice !”

LVI.

That Garritour my nimphe unto me tald,
Was cleipit LAWTIE keipar of that hald,
Of hie honour : and thay pepill outschett,
Swa preiffand thame to clim quhylum war bald,
Richt verteous young ; bot fra time thai wox ald,
Fra honour haill on vice thayr mynde is * set.
Now fall thow go, said scho, straicht to the yet,
Of this palice, and enter but offence,
For the porter is cleipit PATIENCE

LVII.

The michtie prince, the greitest emperour,
Of yone palice, quod scho, hecht hie HONOUR,
Quhome to dois serue mo ry traist officiair.
For CHERITIE of gudiines the flour,
Is maister houshald in yone cristall tour,

* mindis.

Firme

Firme CONSTANCE is the kingis secretair,
 And LIBERALITIE hecht his thesaurair,
 INNOCENCE and DEVOTIOUN as effeiris,
 Bene clerk.s of closet and cubiculairis.

LVIII.

His comptrollar is cleipit DISCRETIOUN ;
 HUMANITIE and TREW RELATIOUN ,
 Bene Ischaris of his chalmer morne and ewin,
 PEICE, quiet REST oft walkis up and down,
 Intill his hall as Marscalls of renoun,
 TEMPERANCE is cuik his meit to taist and preif,
 HUMILITIE carver, that na wicht list to greif,
 His maister sewar hecht VERTEOUS DISCIPLINE,
 MERCE is copper and mixes weill his wine

LIX.

His Chancelair is cleipit CONCIENCE,
 Quhilk for na meid will pronounce fals sentence,
 With him ar Assessoris four of ane assent,
 SCIENCE, PRUDENCE, JUSTICE, SAPIANCE,
 Quhilks to na wicht list committin offence.
 The Chekker rollis and the Kingis rent,
 As Auditouris, thay ouirsee what is spent.
 LAUBOURIUS DILIGENCE, GUDE WARKIS, CLENE
 LIVING,
 Bene Outstewartis and Catouris to yone king.

LX.

GUDE HOPE remains euer among yone sort,
 A fine minstrel with mony mow and sport,
 And PEITIE is the kingis almoseir,
 Syne FORTITUDE (the richt quha list report)

Is Leutenand all wretchis to comfort;
 The Kingis Minyeoun roundand in his eir,
 Hecht VERITIE did neuer leill man deir.
 And schortlie euerie vertew and plesance,
 Is subject to yone Kingis obeyfance.

LXI.

Cum on, said scho, this ordinance to visite.
 Than past we to the cristall palice quhite,
 Quhair I abade the entrie to behold,
 I bad na mair of plesance nor delite,
 Of lustie sight, of joy and blifs perfite,
 Nor mair weifare to haue abone the mold,
 Than for to see that yett of birnished gold,
 Quhairon thair was most curiouslie ingraue,
 All naturall thingis men may in eird confaue.

LXII.

Thair was the eirth invironit with the fey,
 Quhairon the schippis failland nicht I fe;
 The Air, the Fire, all the four Elementis,
 The Spheiris feuen, and Primum Mobile,
 The Signis tuelf perfectlie euere gre,
 The Zodiack haill as buiks representis,
 The Pole antartick that euer himself absentis,
 The Pole artick, and eik the Urfis twain,
 The Seuin starnis, Pheton and the Charlewane.

LXIII.

Thair was ingraue how that GANYMEDES
 Was reift till heuin, as men in OUIDE reidis,
 And unto JUPPITER maid his chief butlair.
 The douchteris fair into thair lustie weidis,

of

Of DRYADA *, amid the fey but dreidis
 Swymmand ; and part war figurit thair,
 Upon ane craig dryand thair yallow hair,
 With facis not unlike for quha them seing
 Micht weill confidder that thay all fisteris being.

LXIV.

Of Planeitis all the conjunctiounis,
 Thair episciclis and oppositiounis,
 War portrait thair, and how thair coursis swagis.
 Thair natural and daylie motiounis,
 Eclipsis, aspectis and digressiounis,
 Thair saw I, and mony gudlie personages,
 Quhilks semit all lustie quick images.
 The warkmanschip exceeding mony fold,
 The precious mater thocht it was fynest gold.

LXV.

Wonderand heiron agane my will but let,
 My nymphe in greif schot me in at the yet,
 Quhat deuil, (said scho) hes thow nocht ellis ado,
 Bot all thy wit and fantasie to set
 On sic doting ? And tho for feir I swet,
 Of hir langage : bot than anone said scho,
 Lift thow se farlies, behald thame yonder lo,
 Yit studie nocht ouir mekill adreid thow warie,
 For I persauie the halfings in ane farie.

LXVI.

Within that Palice sone I gat ane sicht,
 Quhair walkand went full mony worthie wicht
 Amid the clois, with all mirthis to waill.

* Dorida.

For

For like PHEBUS with fyrie bemis bricht,
 The wallis schane, castand sa greit ane licht,
 It semit like the heuin Imperiall.
 And as the cedar surmountis the rammal
 In perfite hicht, sa-of that Court a glance
 Exceidis far all eirldlie vane plesance.

LXVII.

For lois of sicht consider nicht I nocht,
 How perfitelie the riche wallis war wrocht.
 Swa the reflex of cristall stanis schone,
 For brichtnes scarlie blenk thairon I mocht:
 The purifyit siluer surelie as * me thoct,
 Insteid of fyment was ouir all that wone;
 Yit round about full mony ane beriall stone,
 And thame conjunctlie jonit fast and quemit.
 The clois was paithit with siluer as it semit.

LXVIII.

The durris and the windois all were breddit
 With masse gold, quhairof the fynes scheddit.
 With birneist Euir baith Palice and Towris
 War theikit weill, maist craftilie that cled it,
 For sa the quhitely blanschit bone ouirspred it,
 Midlit with gold, anamalit all colouris,
 Importurait of birdis and sweit flowris,
 Curious knottis, and monie hie deuise,
 Quhilks to behald war perfite paradise.

LXIX.

And to proceed my nyphe and I furth went,
 Straicht to the Hall throwout the Palice gent,

● soihlie me.

VOL. I.

K

And

And ten stages of Topas did ascend.
 Schute was the door: in at a boir I blent,
 Quhair I beheld the glaideft represent,
 That euer in eirth I * wretchit catiue kend.
 Breiflie this proces to conclude and end,
 Me thocht the flure was all of Amytist;
 Bot quhairof war the wallis I not wist.

LXX.

The multitude of precious stanis feir
 Thairon sa schone, my febill sicht but weir
 Micht not behald thair verteous gudlines.
 For all the ruif as did to me appeir,
 Hang full of plesand lowpit sapheiris cleir,
 Of Dyamontis and Rubies as I ges,
 War all the buirdis maid of maist riches,
 Of fardanis, of jasp, and smaragdane,
 Traifis, formis, and benkis, war poleist plane.

LXXI.

Baith to and fro amid the Hall thay went,
 Royal Princes in plait and armouris quent,
 Of birnieft gold couchit with precious stanis.
 Enthronit sat ane God Omnipotent,
 On quhais glorious visage as I blent,
 In extasie be his brichtnefs atanis
 He smote me doune, and briffit all my banis:
 Thair lay I still in fwoun with colour blaucht
 Quhill at the last my nymphe up hes me caught.

* 2.

Sine

LXXII.

Sine with greit pane, with womenting and cair,
 In hir armis scho bair me doun the stair,
 And in the clois full softlie laid me doun;
 Upheld my heid to tak the hailfome air,
 For of my life scho stude in greit dispair.
 Me till awalk was still that Lady boun,
 Quhilk finallie out of that deidlie swown,
 I swyith ourcome, and up mine ene did cast:
 Be merrie man, quod scho, the werst is past.

LXXIII.

Get up, scho said, for schame be na cowart,
 My heid in wed thow hes ane Wyfes hart,
 That for a plesand sicht~~was~~ fa mismaid!
 Than all in anger upon my feit I start.
 And for hir wordis was fa apirsmart,
 Unto the nymphe I maid a busteous braid:
 Carling, (quod I) quhat was yone that thow said?
 Soft yow, (said scho) thay are not wyfe that stryfis,
 For kirkmen war ay gentill to the * Wyfis.

LXXIV.

I am richt glaid thow art worthin fa wicht,
 Lang eir me thoct yow had nouthor force nor nicht,
 Curage nor will for to haue greiuit a-fla.
 Quhat aillit the to fall? quod I, the sicht,
 Of yone goddis grim fyrie visage bricht,
 Our-set my wit and all my speriets swa,
 I nicht not stand. Bot was that suith? Ya, ya.

* ther.

K 2

Than

Than said the nymphe richt merilie and leuch,
Now I consider thy mad * hart weill aneuch.

LXXV.

I will na mair, quod scho, the thus assay,
With sic plesance as may thy spreitis affray :
Yet fall thow se surely, sen thow art heir,
My Ladyis court in thair gudlie array;
For to behald thair mirth cum on thy way.
Than hand in hand swyith went we forth in feir,
At a posterne towart the fair herbieir,
In that passage full fast at her I franit,
Quhat folk thay war within that hall remanit.

LXXVI.

Yone was, said scho, quha sa the richt discrives,
Maist valyeand folk and verteuous in thair liues,
Now in the court of Honour thay remain,
Verteuouslie, and in all plesance thriues.
For thay with speir, with swordis, and with kniues,
In just battell war fundin maist of mane :
In thair promittis thay stude euer firme and plane :
In thame aboundit worschip and lawtie :
Illuminate with liberallitie.

LXXVII.

Honour, quod scho, to this heuenlie Ring,
Differs richt far fra warldlie gouerning,
Quhilk is bot pompe of eirdlie dignitie,
Given for estait of blude, nicht or sic thing:

* mait.

And

And in this countrie Prince, Prelate, or King,
 Allanarlie fall for vertew honourit be.
 For eirdlie gloir is nocht bot vanitie,
 That as we se sa suddenlie will wend,
 Bot verteous honour neuer mair fall end.

LXXVIII.

Behald said scho, and se this warldis gloir,
 Maist inconstant, maist slid, and transitoir,
 Prosperitie in eird is but a dreme,
 Or like as man war steppand ouir ane scoir,
 Now is he law that was sa hie befoir,
 And he quhylum was borne pure of his deme,
 Now his estait schynis like the sone.beme.
 Baith up and down, baith to and fra, we se,
 This warld walteris, as dois the wallie sey.

LXXIX.

To papis, bischoppis, prelati and primatis,
 Emperouris, kingis, princeis, protestatis,
 Deith settis the terme and end of all thair hicht.
 Fra thay be game*, let se quha on thame waitis,
 Nathing remanis bot fame of thair estaitis:
 And nocht ellis bot verteous warkis richt
 Sall with thame wend; nouthier thair pompe nor micht.
 Ay vertew ringis in lestand honour cleir,
 Remember than that vertew hes na pair.

LXXX.

For vertew is a thing sa precious,
 Quhairof the end is sa delicious,
 The world cannot† consider quhat it is.

* began.

† ma not.

It makis folk perfite and glorious,
 It makis sanctis of pepill vitious,
 It causis folk ay live in lestand blis,
 It is the way to hie honour I wis,
 It dantis deith and euerie vice throw micht,
 Without vertew fy on all eirdlie wicht.

LXXXI.

Vertew is eik the perfite sicker way,
 And nocht ellis, till lestand honour ay,
 For mony hes sene vitious pepill uphyt,
 And efter soone thair glorie vanischit away,
 Quhair of examplis we se this euerie day:
 His eirdie pompe is gone quhen that he diet,
 Than is he with na eirdlie friend suppleit,
 Saifand vertew: weill is him hes sic a feir!
 Now will I schaw, quod scho, what folk bene here,

LXXXII.

The strangest SAMPSON is into yone hald,
 The feirce * puissant HERCULES sa bald,
 The feirce ACHILL, and all the nobillis nyne,
 SCIPIO AFFRICANE, POMPEIUS the ald,
 Uther mony quhais namis befor are tald,
 With thousandis ma than I may heir defyne.
 And lustie ladyis amid thay lordis fyne,
 SEMIRAMIS, THAMIR, HIPPOLITA,
 PENTHESILEA, MEDEA, ZENOBIA.

LXXXIII.

Of thy regioun yonder bene honourit part,
 The kingis GREGOUR, KENNETH, and king ROBERT;

* forsy

With

With uther ma that bene not heir reheirsit *.
 Waryit, quod scho, ay be thy megir hart !
 Thow suld have sene had thow biddin in yone airt,
 Quhat wise yone heuenlie company conuerfit.
 Wa worth thy febill brane sa sone was perffit !
 Thow micht haue sene remanand quhair thow was,
 Ane huge pepill puneist for thair trespas.

LXXXIV.

Quhilkis be wilfull manifest arrogance,
 Inuyous pride, pretendit ignorance,
 Foul doubillness and diffait unamendit,
 Enforces thame thair selfis to auance,
 Be sle falsheid, but lawtie or constance,
 With subtelness and slichtis now commendit ;
 Betraisand folk that neuer to thame offendit,
 And upheis thameself throw fraudfull lippis,
 Thocht God caus oft thair eirdlie gloir eclippis.

LXXXV.

And noblis cummin of honourabill ancestrie,
 Thair verteuous nobilitie settis nocht by,
 For dishonest unlesfull warldlie wayis.
 And throw corruptit couetous Inuy,
 Bot he that can be dowbill, nane is fet by,
 Diffait is wisdom ; lawtie, honour, away is.
 Richt few or nane takis tent thairto thir dayis,
 And thair greit wrangis to reforme, but let,
 In judgement yone God was yonder fet.

* This account of the persons seen in Honour's court is far too short ; but the poet had forestalled the names in describing other courts.

LXXXVI.

Remanand yonder thow nicht haue hard belieue,
 Pronouncit the greit sentence definitiue,
 Tuitchand this actioun and the dreidfull pane,
 Execute on transgressours yit on liue,
 Swa that thair malice fall na mair prescriue.
 Madame, quod I, for Goddis sake turn again,
 My spreit deyris to se thair torment fane.
 Quod scho, richt now thair fall thow be rejoisit,
 Quhen thow hes tane the air and better appoisit.

LXXXVII.

Bot first thow fall consider commodities,
 Of our garding, so full of lustie tries,
 All hie cypress or floure maist fragrant.
 Our ladyis yonder bisse as the beis,
 The sweit flureist flouris of rethories
 Gadderis full fast [and] mony grene tender plant,
 And with all plesance pleniesht is yone hant,
 Quhair precious stanis on treis dois abound,
 In steid of frute chargit with peirles round.

LXXXVIII.

Unto that gudlie garth thus we proceid,
 Quhilk with a large fousie far on breid,
 Inueronit war, quhair fisches war anew ;
 All water foullis war swemand thair gude speid.
 Alse out of growand treis thair saw I breid,
 Fowlis that hingand be thair nebbis grew.
 Out, our the stank of mony diuers hew,
 Was laid ane tre our quhilk behouit us pass,
 Bot I can not declair quhairof it was,

My

LXXXIX.

My nymphe went ouir, chargeand me follow fast.
 Hir till obey my spreitis wer agast,
 Sa perrilous was the passage till espy.
 Away scho went and fra time scho was past,
 Upon the brig I enterit at the last,
 Bot sa my harnis tremblit befily,
 Quhill I fell ouir, and baith my feit flade by
 Out ouir the heid into the flank adoun,
 Quhair as me thocht I was in point to droun.

XC.

Quhat throw the birdis fang and this affray,
 Out of my swoon I walkinit quhair I lay,
 In the garding quhair I first down fell.
 About I blent, for richt clier was the day,
 Bot all this lustie plesance was away.
 Me thocht that fair herbrie maist like hell,
 In till compair of this ye hard me tell.
 Allace, allace, I thocht me than in pane,
 And langit fair for to haue swounit agane.

XCI.

The birdis fang, nor yet the merrie flouris,
 Micht not ameis my greiuous greit dolouris,
 All eirdlie thing me thocht barrane and vile.
 Thus I remanit into the garth two houris,
 Cursand the feildis with all the fair colouris,
 That I awoke oft wariand the quhile:
 Alwise my mynde was on the lustie ile;
 I purpoiset euer till haue duelt in that art,
 Of rethorick colouris till haue found sum part.

And

XCII.

And maist of all my curage was agreit,
 Becaus sa fone I of my dreme escheuit,
 Not seand how thay wretchis war torment,
 That honour mankit and honestlie mischeuit,
 Glaidlie I wald amid this writ haue breuit,
 Had I it sene how thay wer flane or schent.
 Bot fra I saw all this weifare was went,
 Till make an end, sittand under a tree,
 In laud of **HONOUR** I wrait thir versis thre.

XCIII.

O hie **HONOUR**, sweit heuinlie flour digest!
 Gem verteuous, maist precious, gudliest,
 For hie renoun thou art guerdoun condung,
 Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
 But quhome * in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
 Thy greit puissance may maint auance all thing,
 And pouerall to meikall auail fone bring.
 I the require sen thou but peir art best,
 That efter this in thy hie blis we ring,

XCIV.

Of grace thy face in euerie place sa schynis,
 That sweit all spreit beith heid and seit inclynis,
 Thy gloir afoir for till imploir remeid.
 He docht richt nocht quhilk out of thocht the tynis,
 Thy name bot blame and royal fame diuine is,
 Thou port at schort of our comfort and reid,
 Till bring all thing till glaiding efter deid,

* quhan.

All

All wicht but ficht of thy greit nicht ay crinis,
 O schene I mene nane may fustene thy feid.

XCV.

Haill rois maist chois till clois thy fois greit nicht,
 Haill stane quhilk schene upon the throne of licht,
 Vertew quhais trew sweit dew our threwe all vice,
 Was ay ilk day gar say the way of licht,
 Amend offend and send our end ay richt,
 Thow stant, or dant, as fant of grant maist wise,
 Till be supplie and the hie gre of price,
 Delite the cite me quite of site to dicht,
 For I apply schortly to thy deuise.

The

*The Author directis his buik to the Richt Nobil,
and Illuſter Prince JAMES the Feird, King of
Scottis.*

Triumpous laud with palme of victorie,
The lawret crowne of infinit glorie,
Maift gracious Prince, our ſouerain JAMES THE FEIRD,
Thy Maieſtie mot haue eternallie,
Supreme honour, renoun of cheualrie,
Felicitie perdurand in this eird,
With eterne blis in heiuin by fatal weird !
Reſſaue this rouſtie rural rebaldrie,
Laikand cunning, fra thy pure laige unleird.

Quhilk in the ſicht of thy magnificence,
Conſidand in ſa greit beneuolence
Proponis thus my vulgar ignorance
Maift humbillie with dew obedience,
Beſeikand oft thy michtie excellence,
Be grace to pardoun all ſic variance
With ſum beneing reſpect of firm conſtance
Remittand my pretended negligence,
Thow quhais micht may humble thing auance.

Breif breiyal * quhair of eloquence all quite,
 With ruffet weid and sentence imperfite,
 Till cummin † plane, fe that thow not pretend the.
 Thy barrant termis, and thy vile indite
 Shall not be mine, I will not have the wite,
 For as for me I quit clame that I kend the !
 Thow are bot stouth, thift lous, licht bot lite,
 Not worth ane mite, pray ilk man to amend the !
 Fair on with site and on this wise I end the.

* bural.

† cum in.

F I N I S.

VINCIT TANDEM VERITAS †.

† The London edition has :

“ Imprinted at London in Fletestreete at the sygne of the Rose
 “ garland, by Wyllyam Coplande.” (No date, but generally bound
 with Douglass Virgil 1553.)

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THE
HISTORIE OF
ANE NOBIL AND WAILYE-
and squyer, William Meldrum, umquhyle
Laird of Cleische and Bynnis. Compylit be Sir David
Lyndesay of the Mont, alias, Ly-
oun, king of armes.

THE
Testament of the said
WILLIAM MELDRUM
Squier. Compylit al-
fwa be Sir David
Lyndesay, &c.

Cicero Philip. 14.

*Proprium sapientis est, grata eorum virtute mem-
ria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam profuderunt.*

Ovid 2 Fast.

Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

Imprentit at Edinburgh
be HENRIE CHARTERIS,
ANNO M. D. XCIIII.
cum Privilegio Regali.

B U K E I.

The aventuris of Meldrum in forein lands.

VOL. I.

L

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

*Prologue—MELDRUM's passage til Cragfergus—He killis
twa soldiers ; and sawis ane ladie, quha offers to wed him
—He joinis the Frensch armie agan HENRIE VIII of
Ingland in Picardie—Defetis TALBART an Inglis cam-
pioun—Gaes to the Frensch court—Appesis ane ryot rasit
in Amiens—Returnand to Scotland be discomfitt an
Inglis captan on the sea.*

The
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 oun, King of Armes.

B U K E I.

QUHO that antique stories reidis,
 Confidder may the famous deidis,
 Of our nobill progenitouris :
 Quhilk suld to us be richt mirrouris,
 Thair verteous deidis to ensfew :
 And vicious leving to eschew.
 Sic men bene put in memorie
 That deith suld not confound thair glorie.
 Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
 Thair verteous deidis bene present ;
 Poetis thair honour to avance
 Hes put thame in remembrance.
 Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
 And sum of vailyeand emperouris :

10

L 2

And

And sum of nobill michtie kingis, 15
 That royallie did reull their ringis.
 And sum of campiounis, and of knichtis
 That bauldie did defend thair richtis ;
 Quhilk vailyeandlie did stand in flour,
 For the defence of thair honour. 20
 And sum of squyeris douchtie deidis,
 That wondrous wrocht in weirlie weidis.
 Sum wryt of deidis amorous ;
 As CHAUCER writ of TROILUS,
 How that he luist CRESSIDA : 25
 Of JASON and of MEDEA.
 With help of CLEO I intend,
 Sa MINERVE wuld me sapience send,
 Ane nobill squyer to discryfe,
 Quhais doughtines during his lyfe, 30
 I knaw myself, thair of I wryte,
 And all his deidis I dar indyte :
 And secreitis that I did not knaw,
 That nobill squyer did me schaw.
 Sa I intend the best I can, 35
 Descryve the deidis and the man:
 Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
 Full plesantlie without reprove.
 Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis,
 As monie ane, that men of reidis, 40
 Quhilkis poetis puttis in memorie,
 For the exalting of thair glorie:
 Quhairfoir I think, sa God me saif,
 He suld have place amangis the laif.
That

That his hie honour fuld not smure,
 Confidering quhat he did indure.
 Oft times for his ladeis sake :
 I wait Sir LANCELOT DU LAKE,
 Quhen he did lufe king ARTHURIS wyfe.
 Faucht never better with sword nor knyfe
 For his ladie in no battell,
 Nor had not half so just querrell.
 The veritie quha list declair,
 His lufe was ane adulterair,
 And durst not cum into his sight,
 Bot lyke ane houlet on the nicht :
 With this squyer it stude not so,
 His ladie luist him and no mo :
 Husband, nor lemman had scho none,
 And so he had his lufe alone.
 I think it is no happy lyfe,
 Ane man to jaip his maisteris wyfe :
 As did LANCELOTE, this I conclude,
 Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
 Now to my purpois will I pas,
 And shaw yow how the squyer was :
 Ane gentilman of Scotland borne,
 So was his father him beforne :
 Of nobilnes lineallie descendit,
 Quhilks thair gude fame hes ever defendit.
 Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
 Quhilk in his honour was never defamit.
 Stalwart and stout in everie stryfe,
 And borne within the schyre of Fyfe.

To *Cleisebe* and *Bynnis* richt heritour,
 Quhilk stude for lufe in monie flour.

75

He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
 Quhen he began his vassalage :
 Proportionat weill of mid stature,
 Feirie, and wicht, and micht indure.
 Ouirfet with travell, both nicht and day,
 Richt hardie baith in ernist and play :
 Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
 And stude weill ay in his ladies grace:

80

For he was wounder amiabill,
 And in all deidis honourabill.

85

And ay his honour did avance,
 In *England* first, and syne in *France*.

And thair his manheid did assaill,
 Under the kingis greit admirall.

90

Quhen the greit navie of *Scotland*,
 Passit to the sey aganis *England*.

And as thay passit be *Ireland* coist,
 The admirall gart land his oist;

And set *Craigfergus* into fyre,

95

And saist nouthar barne nor byre.

It was greit pietie for to heir,
 Of the pepill the bailfull cheir

Ver. 90. James Gordon, of Letterfury, son of the Earl of Huntley.

Ver. 92. In 1512. See Buchanan. Guthrie iv. 340, 342, denies the invasion of Ireland to have taken place till the return of the fleet.

And

And how the land folk wer spulyeit,
Fair women under fute wer fuilyeit.

100

Bot this young squyer bauld and wicht
Savit all women quhair he micht :

All preistis and freiris he did save.

Till at the last he did persave

Behind ane garding amiabill,

105

Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill :

And on that voce he followit fast,

Till he did see her at the last,

Spulyeit, naikeit as scho was borne.

Twa men of weir wer hir beforne :

110

Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,

Partand the spulyie thame betwene.

Ane fairer woman nor scho wes,

He had not sene in onie place:

Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,

115

Sayand, "For him that heryit hell,

"Help me, sweit fir, I am ane mayd."

Than softlie to the men he said:

"I pray yow give againe hir fark,

"And tak to yow all other wark."

120

Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid,

Of gold ane garland on hir heid,

Decorit with enamelyne ;

Bilt and brochis of silver fyne.

Of yallow taftais wes hir fark,

125

Begaryit all with browderit wark :

Ver. 125. Yellow shirts, made of large pieces of linen plaited,
were then worn in Ireland. See Spencer's View of Ireland, &c.

Richt craftelie with gold and filk.

Than said the ladie quhyte as milk,

"Except my fark no thing I crave,

"Let thame go hence with all the lave."

130

Quod thay to hir, "Be Sanct FILLANE,

"Of this ye get nathing agane."

Than said the squyer courteslie

"Gude freindis I pray yow hartfullie,

"Gif ye be worthie men of weir,

135

"Restoir to hir againe hir geir,

"Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,

"That spuilye sal be full deir bocht."

Quod thay to him, "We the defy;"

And drew thair swordis haistely:

140

And straik at him with sa greit ire,

That from his harnes flew the fyre.

With duntis sa darflie on him dang,

That he was never in sic ane thrang.

Bot he him manfullie defendit,

145

And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,

And hat the ane upon the heid,

That to the ground he fell down deid:

For to the teith he did him cleif;

Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif!

150

Than with the uther hand for hand,

He beit him with his birneist brand:

The uther was baith stout and strang,

And on the squyer darflie dang.

And than the squyer wrocht greit wonder

155

Ay till his sword did shaik in sunder;

Than

Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,

And did him cleik be the collair,

And evin in at the collerbane,

At the first straik he hes him slane :

160

He funderit fordward to the ground.

Yit was the squyer haill and sound :

For quhy he was sa weill enarmit,

He did escaip fra thame unharmit.

And quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,

165

He to that ladie past agane :

Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,

And said, " Tak your abulyement :"

And scho him thankit full humillie,

And put hir claithis on spedilie.

170

Than kisset he that ladie fair,

And tuik his leif at hir but mair :

Be that the taburne and trumpet blew

And everie man to shipburd drew.

That ladie was dolent in hart,

175

From tyme scho saw he would depart,

That hir relevit from hir harmes :

And hint the squyer in hir armes :

And said, " Will ye byde in this land,

" I fall yow tak to my husband :

180

" Thocht I be cassin now in cair,

" I am (quod scho) my fatheris air,

" The quhilk may spend of pennies round,

" Of yeirlie rent are thowfsand pound."

With

With that hartlie scho did him kis,

185

"Ar ye (quod scho) content of this?"

"Of that (quod he) I wald be fane,

"Gif I micht in this realme remane.

"Bot I mon first pas into *France*,

"Sa quhen I cum agane perchance,

190

"And efter that the peice be maid,

"To marie yow, I will be glaid.

"Fair weill, I may no langer tarie;

"I pray God keip yow, and sweit sanct **MARIE.**"

Than gaif scho him ane lufe taking,

195

Ane riche rubie set in ane ring.

"I am (quod scho) at your command,

"With yow to pas into *Scotland.*"

"I thank yow hartfullie (quod he)

"Ye ar ovir young to fail the fee,

200

"And specialle with men of weir."

"Of that (quod scho) tak ye na feir:

"I fall me cleith in mennis clais,

"And ga with yow quhair evir ye pleis:

"Suld I not lufe him paramour,

205

"That saifit my lyfe and my honour?"

"Ladie, I say yow in certane,

"Ye fall have lufe for lufe agane,

"Trewlie unto my lyfis end.

"Fairweill, to God I yow commend."

210

With that into his boit he past,

And to the ship he rowit fast.

Thay weyit their ankeris, and maid fail,

This navie with the admirall,

And landit in bauld *Brytane*,

215

This admirall was ERLE of ARRANE,

Quhilk was baith wyfe and vailyeand,

Of the blude royall of *Scotland*:

Accompanyit with monie ane knight,

Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.

220

Among the laif, this young squyar,

Was with him richt familiar :

And throw his verteous diligence,

Of that lord he gat sic credence :

That quhen he did his courage ken,

225

Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men :

Quhilkis wer to him obedient,

Reddie at his commandement.

It wer to lang for to declair,

The douchtie deidis that he did thair:

230

Becauss he was sa courageous,

Ladies of him wer amorous.

He was ane munyeoun for ane dame,

Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame.

Bot in the feild ane campioun,

235

Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun ;

Weill practikit with speir and scheild ;

And with the formest in the feild.

No chiftane was amangis thame all,

In expensis mair liberall.

240

Ver. 216. He commanded the land-forces.

In

In everilk play he wan the pryse :
 With that he was verteous and wyse.
 And so becaus he was weill pruisit,
 With everie man he was weill luifit,

HARY the aucht king of *England*,
 That tyme at *Caleis* wes lyand;
 With his triumphant ordinance,
 Makand weir on the realme of *France*.

The king of *France* his greit armie
 Lay neir hand by in *Picardie*;
 Quhair aither uther did assaill.
 Howbeit thair was na set battaill:
 Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
 Quhair men of armis brak monie sting.

Quhen to the squyer MELDRUM
 Wer tauld their novellis all and sum:
 He thocht he wald vesie the weiris.
 And waillit furth ane hundreth speiris:
 And futemen quhilk wer bauld and stout,
 The maist worthie of all his rout.

Quhen he come to the king of *France*,
 He wes sone put in ordinance:
 Richt so was all his companie,
 That on him waitit continuallie.
 Thair was into the *Inglist* oist,
 Ane campieun that blew greit boist:
 He was ane stout man and ane strang,
 Quhilk oist wald with his conduct gang,

Outthrow the greit armie of *France*,

His valiantnes for to avance :

270

And maister TALBART was his name.

Of *Scottis* and *Frenche* quhilk spak disdame.

And on his bonnet usit to beir,

Of silver fine, takinnis of weir.

And proclamatiounis he gart mak,

275

That he wald for his ladies saik,

With any gentilman of *France*,

To fecht with him with speir or lance.

Bot no *Frenche* man in all that land,

With him durst battell hand for hand.

280

Than lyke ane weiriour vailyeand,

He enterit in the *Scottis* band :

And quhen the squyer MELDRUM,

Hard tell, this campioun wes cum.

Richt haistlie he past him till,

285

Demanding him quhat was his will :

“ Forfuith I can find none (quod he)

“ On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.”

Than said he, “ It wer greit schame,

“ Without battell ye suld pass hame.

290

“ Thairfoir to God I make ane vow,

“ The morne my self fall fecht with yow.

“ Outher on horsback or on fute,

“ Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute.

“ I fall be fund into the feild,

295

“ Armit on hors with speir and scheild.”

Maister TALBART said, “ My gude chyld,

“ It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld :

“ Thow

"Thow ar to young and hes no micht,
 "To fecht with me that is so wicht. 300
 "To speik to me thow fuld have feir,
 "For I have fik practik in weir,
 "That I wald not effeirit be,
 "To mak debait aganis sic thre :
 "For I have stand in monie stour, 305
 "And ay defendit my honour.
 "Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the,
 "Sic interpryfis to let be."
 Than said this squyer to the knicht,
 "I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht : 310
 "Young DAVID was far les than I,
 "Quhen with GOLIATH manfullie,
 "Withouttin outhier speir or scheild,
 "He faucht ; and slew him in the feild.
 "I traist that God sal be my gyde, 315
 "And give me grace to stanch thy pryde :
 "Thocht thow be greit like GOWMAK MORNE
 "Traist weill I fall yow meit the morne :
 "Beside *Montruill* upon the grene,
 "Befoir ten houris I sal be sene. 320
 "And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
 "Baith hors and geir I fall yow yeild :
 "Sa that siclyke ye do to me."
 "That I fall do be god (quod he)
 "And thairto I give the my hand." 325
 And swa betwene theme maid an band,
 That thay fuld meit upon the morne.
 Bot TALBART maid at him bot scorne ;

Lychtlyand

Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde,
 Syne hamewart to his oist culd ryde. 330
 And shew the brethren of his land,
 How ane young *Scot* had tane on hand,
 To fecht with him beside *Montruill*;
 „ Bot I traist he fall prufe the fuill.
 Quod thay, “ The morne that fall we ken, 335
 “ The *Scottis* ar haldin hardie men.”
 Quod he, “ I compt thame not ane cute,
 “ He fall returne upon his fute :
 “ And leif with me his armour bricht,
 “ For weill I wait he has no micht, 340
 “ On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.”
 Quod thay, “ The morne that fall we se.”
 Quhan to Monsfour DE OBENIE
 Reportit was the veritie,
 How that the squyer had tane on hand, 345
 To fecht with *TALBART* hand for hand.
 His greit courage he did commend,
 Sine haistelie did for him fend.
 And quhen he come befoir the lord,
 The veritie he did record. 350
 How for the honour of *Scotland*,
 That battell he had tane on hand,
 “ And sen it givis me in my hart,
 “ Get I ane hors to tak my part,
 “ My traist is sa in Goddis grace, 355
 “ To leif him lyand in the place.

Ver. 343. D'Aubigny.

“ Howbeit

"Howbeit he stalwart be and stouȝt,

"My lord of him I have na dout."

Than send the lord out throw the land,
 And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand : 360
 To his presence he brocht in haist,
 And bad the squyer cheis him the best.
 Of that the squyer was rejoisit,
 And cheisit the best as he suppoisit :
 And lap on him delyverlie ; 365
 Was never hors ran mair plesantlie,
 With speir and sword at his command,
 And was the best of all the land.

He tuik his leif and went to rest ;
 Syne airlie in the morne him drest, 370
 Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
 All weill enarmit, saif the heid :
 He lap upon his cursour wicht,
 And straucht him in his stirroppis richt,
 His speir and scheild and helme wes borne 375
 With squyeris that raid him beforne :
 Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
 Ane quaif of gold to heild his hair.

This lord of him tuik sa greit joy,
 That he himself wald him convoy : 380
 With him ane hundreth men of armes,
 That thair suld no man do him harmes.
 The squyer buir into his scheild
 Ane otter in ane silver feild.
 His hors was bairdit full richelie, 385
 Coverit with fatyne cramesie.

Than

Than forward raid this Campioun,
 With sound of trumpet and clarioun,
 And spedilie spurrit ovir the bent,
 Lyke MARS the God Armipotent. 390

Thus leif we rydand our squyar,
 And speik of Maister TALBART mair :
 Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
 And no manner of geir to borrow :
 Hors, harnes, speir, nor sheild, 395
 Bot was ay reddie for the feild :

And had sic practik into weir,
 Of our squyer he tuik na feir.
 And said unto his companyeoun,
 Or he come furth of his pavilyeoun, 400

“ This nicht I saw into my dreame,
 “ Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame :
 “ Me thocht I saw cum fra the see,
 “ Ane greit otter rydand to me,
 “ The quhilk was blak, with ane lang tail, 405

“ And cruellie did me assaill;
 “ And bait me till he gart me bleid,
 “ And drew me backward fra my steid.
 “ Quhat this suld mene I cannot say,
 “ Bot I was never in sic ane fray.” 410

His fellow said, “ Think ye not schame,
 “ For to gif credence till ane dreame ?
 “ Ye knaw it is aganis our faith ;
 “ Thairfoir go dres yow in your graith,
 “ And think weill throw your hie courage, 415
 “ This day ye sall wyn vassalage.”

VOL. I.

M

Then

Then drest he him into his geir,
 Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
 Quhilk had baith hardines and fors;
 And lichtlie lap upon his hors. 420
 His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
 And coverit was richt courtfullie
 With browderit wark, and velvot grene.
 Sanct GEORGE's croce thair micht be sene
 On hors, barnes, and all his geir. 425
 Than raid he furth withoutin weir,
 Convoyit with his capitane,
 And with monie ane *Inglistman*,
 Arrayit all with armes bricht,
 Micht no man see ane fairer sight. 430

Than clariounis and trumpettis blew;
 And weiriouris monie hither drew:
 On everie side come monie man,
 To behald quha the battell wan:
 The feild was in the medow grene, 435
 Quhair everie man micht weel be sene.
 The heraldis put tham sa in ordour,
 That no man past within the bordour;
 Nor preiffit to cum wirhin the grene,
 Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene. 440
 The ordour and the circumstance
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.

Quhen thir twa nobilmen of weir,
 Wer weill accownterit in their geir,
 And in thair handis strang burdounis; 445
 Than trumpotis blew and clariounis:

And

And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,

“ Now let thame go ! God shaw the richt ! ”

Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,

And ran to uther with sic fors,

450

That baith thair speiris in findrie flaw ;

Then said they all that stude on raw :

“ Ane better cours, than they twa ran,

“ Was not sene sen the warld began.

Than baith the parties wer rejoisit,

455

The campounis ane quhyle repoisit ;

Till they had gottin speiris new,

Than with triumph the trumpettis blew :

And they with all the force thay can

Wounder rudelie at either ran :

460

And straik at uther with sa greit ire,

That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.

Thair speiris war sa teuch and strang,

That aither uther to cirth doun dang.

Baith hors and man, with speir and scheild,

465

Than flatlingis lay into the field.

Than maister TALBART was eschamit,

“ Forsuith for ever I am defamit ! ”

And said this, “ I had rather die,

“ Without that I revengit be.”

470

Our young squyer, sic was his hap,

Was first on fute ; and on he lap

Upon his hors without support :

Of that the *Scottis* tuke gude comfort,

Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie

475

Loup on his hors sa galyeardlie.

The squyer listit his visair,
 Ane lytill space to take the air.
 Thay bad him wyne, and he it drank,
 And humillie he did thame thank. 480

Be that TALBART on hors mountit,
 And of our squyer lytill countit.
 And cryit, "gif he durst undertak,
 To run anis for his ladies faik.

The squyer answerit hie on bicht, 485
 "That fall I do be MARIE bricht :

"I am content all day to ryn,
 "Till ane of us the honour wyn."

Of that TALBART was weill content ;
 And ane greit spier in hand he hent. 490

The squyer in his hand he thrang
 His speir, quhilk was baith greit and lang :
 With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
 Of quhilk he was appleift weill.

'That plesand feild was lang and braid, 495
 Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid :

And everie man nicht have gude sicht,
 And thair was monie weirlyke knight.

Sum man of everie natioun,
 Was in that congregatioun. 500

Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
 And thay twa campiounis egeirlie :
 Thay spurrit thair hors with spier on breist
 Pertlie to preif thair pith thay priest :

That round rinkroume wes at utterance. 505

Bot TALBARTIS hors with ane mischance

He utterit, and to ryn was laith ;
 Quhairof TALBART was wonder wraith.
 The squyer furth his rink he ran,
 Commendit weill with everie man.
 And him dischargit of his speir,
 Honeftlie lyke ane man of weir.
 Becaus that rink they ran in vane,
 Than TALBART wald not ryn agane,
 Till he had gottin ane better steid ;
 Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid.
 Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
 As brym as he had bene ane beir.
 And bowtit forward with ane bend,
 And ran on to the rinkis end,
 And saw his hors was at command ;
 Than wes he blyith, I understand,
 Traistand na mair to ryn in vane,
 Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
 Be that with all the force they can,
 Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.
 Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
 Quhilk foundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
 And nane of thame thair marrow mist,
 Sir TALBARTIS speir in sunder brist.
 Bot the squyer with his burdoun,
 Sir TALBART to the eirth dang down.
 That fraik was with sic micht and fors,
 That on the ground lay man and hors.
 And throw the brydell hand him bair,
 And in the breist ane span and mair.

510

515

520

525

530

535

Throw curras, and throw glwifs of plait,
 That TALBART nicht mak na debait.
 The trencheour of the squyeris speir,
 Stak still into Sir TALBARTIS geir.

540

Than everie man into that steid
 Did all beleve that he was deid,
 The squyer lap richt haistlie,
 From his cursour deliverlie,
 And to Sir TALBART maid support,
 And humillie did him comfort.
 Quhen TALBART saw into his scheild,
 Ane otter in ane silver feild.

545

" This race (said he) I may fair rew,
 " For I see weill my dreame wes trew.
 " Me thocht yone otter gart me bleid,
 " And buir me backward from my steid.
 " Bot heir I vow to God soverane,
 " That I sall never just agane."

550

And sweitlie to the squyer said,-

555

" Thow knowis the cunning that we maid,
 " Quhilk of us twa suld tyne the feild,
 " He suld baith hors and armour yeild,
 " Till him that wan : quhairfoir I will,
 " My hors and harnes geve the till."

560

Then said the squyer courteousslie,

" Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.

" Of yow forsuith nathing I crave,

" For I have gottin that I wald have.

With everie man he was commendir,

565

Sa vailyeandlie he him defendit.

The

The capitane of the *Inglis* band
 Take the young squyer be the hand;
 And led him to the pailyeoun,
 And gart him mak collatioun. 570
 Quhen TALBARTIS woundis wes bund up fast,
 The *Inglis* capitane to him past:
 And prudentlie did him comfort,
 Syne said, " Brother, I yow exhort
 " To tak the squyer be the hand." 575
 And sa he did at his command;
 And said, " This bene but chance of armes;"
 With that he braisfit him in his armes.
 Sayand, " Hartlie I yow forgeve."
 And then the squyer tuik his leve; 580
 Commendit weill with everie man.
 Than wichtlie on his hors he wan:
 With monie ane nobill man convoyit.
 Leve we chair TALBART fair annoyit.
 Sum sayis of that discomfitour, 585
 He thocht sic schame and dishonour:
 That he departit of that land,
 And never wes sene into *England*.
 Bot our squyer did still remane
 Efter the weir, quhil peice was tane. 590
 All capitanes of the kingis gairdis
 Gaif to the squyer rich rewairdis:
 Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
 With everie nobill he wes weill traitit.

Ver. 590. The treaty was concluded on the 15th of September
 1514.

Efter the weir he tuke licence, 595
 Syne did returne with diligence,
 From *Pycardie* to *Normandie*,
 And thair ane space remanit he.
 Becaus the navie of *Scotland*,
 Wes still upon the coast lyand. 600

Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
 He to the court of *France* returnit :
 For to decore his vassalage,
 From *Bartanye* tuke his veyage :
 With aucht scoir in his companie 605
 Of waillit wicht men, and hardie :
 Enarmit weill lyke men of weir,
 With hakbut, culvering, pik, and speir.
 And passit up throw *Normandie*,
 Till *Ambiance* in *Pycardie* ; 610
 Quhair nobil LOWES the king of *France*
 Was lyand with his ordinance :
 With monie ane prince and worthie man.
 And in the court of *France* wes than
 Ane mervellous congregatioun, 615
 Of monie ane divers natioun,
 Of *Ingland* monie ane prudent lord,
 Efter the weir makand record.

Thair wes than ane ambassadour,
 Ane lord, ane man of greit honour :
 With him was monie nobill knicht 620
 Of *Scotland* to defend thair richt :
 Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
Inglisten had thame at invie.

And

M E L D R U M.

169

And purposit to mak thame cummer,

625

Becaus they wer of greiter number.

And sa quhairever thay with thame met,

Upon the *Scottis* thay maid onfet.

And lyke wyld lyounis furious,

They layd ane seige about the hous,

630

Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit,

Our worthie *Scottis* thame weill defendit.

The *Sutheroun* wes ay fywe for ane,

Sa on ilk syde thair wes men flane.

The *Inglismen* grew in greit ire,

635

And cryit, " Swyith fet the house in fyre."

Be that the squyer MELDRUM

Into the market streit wes cum,

With his folkis in gude array,

And saw the toun wes in ane fray.

640

He did inquiryre the occasioun ;

(Quod thay), " The *Scottis* ar all put down

" Be *Inglismen* into their innis."

(Quod he), " I wald give all the *Bynnys*,

" That I nicht cum or thay departit."

645

With that he grew sa cruell hartit,

That he was like ane wild lyoun,

And rudelie ran outhrow the toun,

With all his companie weill arrayit,

And with baner full braid displayit.

650

And quhen they saw the *Inglis* rout,

Thay set upon them with ane schout :

With reird sa rudely on them ruschit,

That fittie to the earth thay duschit.

Thair

Thair was nocht ellis but tak and slay. 655
 This squyer wounder did that day;
 And sloutlie stoppit in the flour,
 And dang on thame with dintis dour.
 Wes never man buir better band;
 Thair micht na buckler byde his brand; 660
 For it was weill sevin quarter lang.
 With that fa derflie on thame dang,
 That lyke ane worthie campoun,
 Ay at ane straik he dang ane down.
 Sum was evil hurt, and sum wes flane, 665
 Sum fell, quhilk rais not yit agane.
 Quhen that the *Sutberoun* saw his micht,
 Effrayitlie thay tuke their slicht.
 And wist not quhair to flie for haist,
 Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist. 670
 Wer not *Frenchmen* come to the redding,
 Thair had bene mekill mair blude shedding.
 Of this journey I mak ane end,
 Quhilk everie nobill did commend.
 Quhen to the king the cace wes knawin, 675
 And all the suith unto him shawin;
 How this squyer sa manfullie,
 On *Sutberoun* wan the victorie.
 He put him into ordinance,
 And sa he did remane in *France* 680
 Ane certane tyme for his plesour,
 Weill esteemit in greit honour,

Ver. 661. An ell three quarters.

Quhair

M E L D R U M.

171

Quhair he did monie ane nobill deid.

With that, rich, wantoun in his weid,

Quhen ladies knew his hie courage,

685

He was desyrit in mariage

Be ane lady of greit rent ;

Bot youth maid him sa insolent,

That he in *France* wald not remane,

Bot come to *Scotland* hame agane.

690

Thocht *Frenche* ladies did for him murne,

The *Scottis* were glad of his returne.

At everie lord he tuke his leve,

Bot his departing did them greive.

For he was luist with all wichtis,

695

Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.

Scottis capitanes did him convoy,

Thocht his departing did thame noy.

At *Deip* he maid him for the faill,

Quhair he furnischt ane gay veschaill,

700

For his self and his men of weir,

With artailye, hakbut, bow, and speir:

And furneist hir with gude victuall,

With the best wyne that he could waill.

And quhain the schip was reddie maid,

705

He lay bot ane day in the raid.

Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist,

Than thay thair ankeris weyt on haist ;

And syne maid faill, and fordwart past,

Ane day at morne till at the last

710

Of ane greit faill thay gat ane sicht ;

And PHÆBUS schew his bemis bricht,

Into

Into the morning richt airlie.

Than past the skipper richt spedelie,

Up to the top with richt greit feir,

715

And saw it wes ane man of weir.

And cryit, " I see nocht ellis perdie,

" Bot we mon outhir fecht or fle."

The squyer wes in his bed lyand,

Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.

720

Be this the *Inglis* artailie,

Lyke hailshot maid on thame affailie :

And floppit throw thair fechtung faillis,

And divers dang out over the wailis.

The *Scottis* agane with all thair micht,

725

Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht :

That thay micht weill see quhair thay wair,

Heidis and armes flew in the air.

The *Scottis* schip scho wes fa law,

That monie gunnis out over hir flaw,

730

Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit doun.

Bot the *Inglis* greit Galyeoun,

Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,

That the *Scottis* gunnis micht na way faill

Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,

735

With monie ane flop, for all hir pride,

That monie ane best weir on thair bakkis,

Than rais the reik with ugie crakkis.

Quhilk on the sey maid sic ane found,

That in the air it did redound.

740

That men micht weill wit on the land,

That shippis wer on the sey fechtand.

Be

Be this thegyder fraik the shippis,
 And ather on uther laid thair clippis.
 And than began the strang battell, 745
 Ilk man his marrow did assaill.
 Sa rudelie thay did rush togidder,
 That nane nicht hald thair feit for slidder.
 Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
 Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir; 750
 Out of the top the grundin dartis,
 Did divers peirs outhrow the hartis.
 Everie man did his diligence,
 Upon his fo to wirk vengeance.
 Ruschand on uther routtis rude, 755
 That ovir the waillis ran the blude.
 The *Inglis* capitane cryit hie,
 "Swyith yeild yow, doggis! or ye fall die."
 "And do ye not, I make ane vow,
 "That *Scotland* fal be quyte of yow." 760
 Than peirtlie answerit the squyar,
 And said, "O tratour Tavernar!
 "I lat the wit, thow hes na nicht,
 "This day to put us to the flicht."
 Thay derflie ay at uther dang, 765
 The squyer thriftit throw the thrang,
 And in the *Inglis* schip he lap,
 And hat the captaine sic ane flap
 Upon his heid, till he fell down,
 Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun. 770
 And quhen the *Scottis* saw the squyer,
 Had striken down that rank rever;
 They

They left thair awin schip standand waist,

And in the *Inglis* schip in haist

They followit all thair capitane;

775

And sone wes all the *Soutberoun* flane.

Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,

The *Scottis*men put thame in sic cummer;

That thay wer fane to lief the feild,

Cryand mercie, than did thame yeild.

780

Yit wes the squyer straikand fast,

At the capitane till at the last;

Quhen he persavit no remeid,

Outher to yeild, or to be deid;

He said, " O gentill capitane,

785

" Thoill me not for to be flane.

" My lyfe to yow sal be mair pryse,

" Nor fall my deith ane thousand fyse.

" For ye may get, as I suppois,

" Three thousand nobillis of the rois

790

" Of me, and of my companie;

" Thairfoir I cry yow loud mercie.

" Except my lyfe, nothing I craif,

" Tak yow the schip and all the laif.

" I yeild to yow baith sword and knyfe,

795

" Thairfoir, gude maister, save my lyfe."

The squyer tuik him be the hand,

And on his feit he gart him stand;

And traittit him richt tenderly,

And syne unto his men did cry.

800

And gaif to thame richt strait command,

To fraik no moir, bot hold their hand.

The

Than baith the captanes ran and red,
 And so thair wes na mair blude shed.
 Than all the laif thay did them yeild,
 And to the *Scottis* gaif sword and shield.

805

Ane nobill leiche the squyer had,
 Quhairof the *Inglismen* wes full glaid,
 To quhome the squyer gaif command,
 The woundit men to tak on hand.

810

And so he did with diligence,
 Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
 Than when the woundit men wer drest,
 And all the deand men confest,
 And deid men cassin in the see,
 Quhilk to behald was greit pitie ;
 Thair was slane of *Inglis* band,
 Fyve scoir of men I understand,
 The quhilk wer cruell men and kene.
 And of the *Scottis* were slane fyftene.

815

820

And quhen the *Inglis* capitane
 Saw, how his men wer tane and slane ;
 And how the *Scottis* sa few in number,
 Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer ;
 He grew intill ane frenesye,
 Sayand, “ Fals Fortoun ! I the desye.
 “ For I belevit this day at morne,
 “ That he was not in *Scotland* borne,
 “ That durst have met me hand for hand,
 “ Within the boundis of my brand.”

825

830

The squyer bad him mak gud cheir,
 And said, it was bot chance of weir.

“ Greit

“ Greit conquerouris, I yow assure,

“ Hes hapnit siclike adventure.

“ Thairfoir mak merrie, and go dyne,

835

“ And let us prief the michtie wyne.”

Sum drank wyne, and sum drank ail ;
Syne put the Shippis under sail.

And waillit furth of the *Inglis* band,

Twa hundreth men, and put on land,

840

Quyetlie on thecoist of *Kent*.

The laif in *Scotland* with him went.

The *Inglis* capitaine as I ges,

He wairdit him in the *Blaknes*,

And treitit him richt honestlie,

845

Togithir with his companie.

And held thame in that garnisoun,

Till thay had payit thair ransoun.

BUKE

B U K E II.

Meldrum's aventuris in Scotland.

VOL. I.

N

ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT.

*Travelland in Strathern, he lugis in ane castel, and luvis
the ladie—Thair amouris—Anuther castel of the lady's
beand takin by MACFARLANE, MELDRUM segis it, and
taks MACFARLANE prisonour—Returnis to the ladie,
guba beris till bim ane dochter—Feid atwein MELDRUM
and ane knicht—MELDRUM asselit be the knicht, and
nerelie assassinat—D'ARCIE persuis the knicht and takis
bim—MELDRUM curit—His ladie marryit till anuther—
MELDRUM made scherif depute of Fife, and dees agit.*

B U K E II.

OUT throw the land than sprang the fame
 That squyer MELDRUM was cam hame.
 Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
 With everie man he was sa treitit:
 That quhen he travellit throw the land, 5
 Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
 With greit solace; till at the last,
 Out throw *Straitberne* the squyer past.
 And as it did approach the nicht,
 Of ane castell he gat ane sicht, 10
 Befide ane montane in ane vail;
 And than efter his greit travaill,
 He purpoisit him to repois,
 Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
 Of this triumphant plesand place, 15
 Ane lustie ladie wes maistres.
 Quhais lord was deid schort tyme befor,
 Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
 Bot yit scho tuke sum comforting,
 To heir the plesant dulce talking 20

Ver. 16. Lady Gleneagles. *Lindsay's History of Scotland*, p. 200.
 She was a daughter of Lawson of Humble, provost of Edinburgh. *Ib.*

Of this young squyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in *France*.

This squyer, and the ladie gent,
Did wesche, and then to supper went.
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis,
But for to heir of his novellis.

25

ENEAS quhen he fled from *Troy*,
Did not quene DIDO greiter joy;
Quhen he in *Cartbage* did arryve,
And did the seige of *Troy* descryve.

30

The wonderis that he did reheirs
Wer langsum for to put in vers.
Of quhilk this ladie did rejois.
Thay drank, and sync went to repois.

He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
With dornik work on buird displayit.
Of venisoun he had his waill,
Gude aquavite, wyne and aill,
With nobill conseittis, bran and geill;
And swa the squyer fuir richt weill.

35

40

Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
This ladie came to his collatioun.
Sayand he was richt welcum hame,
“Grandmercie than,” (quod he) “madame.”

Thay past the time with ches and tabill,
For he to everie game was abill.

45

Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
To chalmer went this ladie bricht;
The quhilk this squyer did convoy;
Sync til his bed he went with joy.

50

That

That nicht he sleipit never ane wink,
 Bot still did on the ladie think;
 CUPIDO, with his fyerie dart,
 Did peirs him so out throw the hart,
 Sa' all that nicht he did bot murn it; 55
 Sum tyme sat up, and sum tyme turnit.
 Sichand with monie gant and grane,
 To fair VENUS makand his mane;
 Sayand, "Ladie, quhat may this mene?
 "I was ane fre man lait yistrene: 60
 "And now ane cative bound and thrall,
 "For ane that I think flour of all.
 "I pray God, sen scho knew my mynd,
 "How for hir saik I am sa pynd.
 "Wald God I had bene yit in *France*, 65
 "Or I had hapnit sic mischance:
 "To be subiect or serviture
 "Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure.
 This ladie ludgit neirhand by,
 And hard the squyer prively 70
 With dreidfull hart makand his mone,
 With monie cairfull gant and grone:
 Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
 Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie:
 And said, "howbeit I suld be slane, 75
 "He sail have lufe for lufe agane.
 "Wald God I nicht with my honour,
 "Have him to be my paramour!"
 This was the mirrie tyme of May;
 Quhen this fair ladie, freshe and gay, 80

Start up to take the hailsum air,
 With pantonis on hir feit ane pair:
 Airlie into ane cleir morning,
 Befoir fair Phœbus uprising.
 Kirtill alone withoutin klok; 85
 And saw the squyer's dure unlok.
 Scho slippit in or ever he wist,
 And fenyetlie past till ane kist.
 And with her keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
 And maid hir to take furth ane boxe. 90

Bot that was not hir erand thair;
 With that this lustie young squyar
 Saw this ladie so plesantlie,
 Cum to his chalmer quyetlie.
 In kyrtil of fyne damais brown, 95
 Hir goldin traiffis hingand down;
 Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
 Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
 Lyke the quhyte lylie wes hir lyre.
 Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre. 100
 Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
 Quhairat the squyer did rejois.
 And said than, "now vailye quod vailye,
 "Upon the ladie thow mak ane failye."

His courlyke kirtill was unlaiſt, 105
 And sone into his armis hir braist.
 And said to hir, "Madame, gude-morne,
 "Help me your man, that is forlorne.

Ver. 105. Her courtlike, MS. 1635.

"Without

- " Without ye mak me sum remeid,
 " Withouttin dout, I am bot deid. 110
 " Quhairfoir ye mon relief my harmes."
 With that he hint hir in his armes,
 And talkit with hir on the flure;
 Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
 " Squyer," (quod scho), " quhat is your will? 115
 " Think ye my womanheid to spill?
 " Na, God forbid, it wer greit syn,
 " My lord and ye wes neir of kyn.
 " Quhairfoir I mak yow supplicatioun,
 " Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun. 120
 " Than fall I wed yow with ane ring,
 " Than may ye luif at your lyking.
 " For ye ar young, lustie and fair;
 " And als ye are your fatheris air.
 " Thair is na ladie in all this land, 125
 " May yow refuse to hir husband,
 " And gif ye luse me as ye say,
 " Hailst to dispens the best ye may;
 " And thair to yow I geve my hand,
 " I fall yow take to my husband." 130
 (Quod he), " Quhill that I may indure,
 " I vow to be your serviture.
 " Bot I think greit vexatioun,
 " To tarrie upon dispensatioun."
 Than in his armis he did hir thrift, 135
 And aither uther sweitlie kist.

Ver. 120. Because her deceased husband was a near relation of Meldrum's.—Lindsay, ib.

And wame for wame thay uther braiffit,
With that hir kirtill wes unlaiffit.

Than CUPIDO with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit sa thir luiferis hartis,

140

Thay nicht na maner of way dissever;
Nor ane nicht not part fra ane uther;
Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit.

Thair tenderlie he has hir happit
Full softlie up intill his bed;

145

Judge ye gif he hir schankis shed,

"Allace!" (quod scho) "quhat may this mene?"

And with hir hair scho dight hir ene.

I can not teil how thay did play,
Bot I beleve scho said not nay.

150

He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane,

That he was welcum ay agene.

Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,

And on his hand ane ring scho thrift.

And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie,

155

Ane ring set with ane riche rubie,

In takin that their lufe for ever,

Suld never from thir twa dissever.

And than scho passit unto hir chalmer,

And fand hir madinnis sweit as lammer,

160

Sleipand full sound; and nothing wist,

How that thair ladie past to the kist.

(Quod thay) "Madame, quhair have ye bene?"

(Quod scho) "Into my gardine grene,

"To heir the mirrie birdis sang.

165

"I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,

6

"Thocht

" Thocht I had taryit thair quhile none."

(Quod thai) " Quhair wes your hois and schone?"

" Quhy yeid ye with your bellic bair?"

(Quod scho) " The morning wes sa fair,

170

" For be him that deir Jesus fauld,

" I felt na wayis ony manner of cauld."

(Quod thay) " Madame, me think ye sweit."

(Quod scho) " Ye see I sufferit heit.

" The dew did sa on flouris fleit,

175

" That baith my lymmis ar maid weit:

" Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly,

" Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.

" Ryse and gar mak our denner reddie."

" That sal be done," (quod thay) " my ladie."

180

Efter that scho had tane hir rest,

Scho rais; and in hir chalmer hir drest;

And eiter mes to denner went.

Than was the squyer diligent

To declair monie findrie florie,

185

Worthie to put in memorie.

Quhat full we of thair luseris say?

Bot all this time of lustie May;

They past the tyme with joy and blis,

Full quietlie with monie ane kis.

190

Thair was na creature that knew,

Yit of thir luseris chalmer glew.

And sa he levit pletandlie,

Ane certane time with his ladie,

Sum time with halking and hunting,

195

Sum time with wantoun hors rinning.

And

And sum time like ane man of weir,
 Full galyardlie wald ryn ane speir.
 He wan the pryse above thame all,
 Baith at the buttis and the futeball.
 Till everie solace he was abill,
 At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill.
 And gif ye list I fall yow tell,
 How that he seigit ane castell.

200

Ane messinger come spedilie,
 From the *Lennox* to that ladie.

205

And schew how that *MAKSAGON*,
 And with him mony bauld baron,
 Hir castell had tane perfors
 And nouthir left hir kow nor hors.
 And heryit all that land about.

210

Quhairof the ladie had greit dout.

Till hir squyer scho passit in haist,
 And schew him how scho wes opprest.
 And how he waistit monie ane myle,
 Betuix *Dunbartane* and *Argyle*.

215

And quhen the squyer *MELDRUM*,
 Had hard thir novelis all and sum :
 Intill his hart thair grew sic ire,
 That all his bodie brint in fyre.

220

And swoire it suld be full deir fald,
 Gif he might find him in that hald.
 He and his men did them addres,
 Richt haistelie in thair harnes,
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
 And he like *MARS* the God of weir,

225

Ver. 207. He is afterwards repeatedly called *Macfarlane*.

Come

M E L D R U M.

187

Come to the ladie and tuke his leif;
 And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif:
 The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
 And said, " Madame I yow assure,
 " That worthie LANCELOT DU LAIK,
 " Did never mair for his ladies saik,
 " Nor I fall do, or ellis de,
 " Without that ye revengit be."

230

Than in hir armes scho him braist,
 And he his leif did take in haist:
 And raid that day and all the nicht,
 Till on the morne he gat ane sicht
 Of that castell, baith fair and strang.
 Than in the middis his men amang:
 To michtie MARS his vow he maid,
 That he suld never in hart be glaid,
 Nor yit returne furth of that land,
 Quhill that strenth were at his command.
 All the tennentis of that ladie
 Come to the squyer haistlie,
 And maid aith of fidelitie,
 That they suld never fra him fle.

235

240

245

Quhen to MAK FARLAND, wicht and bauld,
 The veritie all haill wes tauld,
 How the young squyer MELDRUM,
 Wes now into the cuntrie cum;
 Purpoisand to siege that place.
 Than vittallit he that fortres,

250

Ver. 218. A common custem of chivalry.

And

And swoir he fuld that place defend,
Bauld lie untill his lyfis end. 255

Be this the squyer wes arrayit,
With his baner bricht displayit;
With culvering, hakbut, bow and speir.
Of MAK FARLAND he tuke na feir. 260

And like ane campioun courageous,
He cryit and said, " Gif ovir the house!

The capitane answerit heichly,
And said, " Tratour we the defy.

" We fall remane this hous wi. hin, 265
" Into despyte of all thy kyn."

With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht

Amang the squyeris companie;
And thay agane richt manfullie, 270

With hakbute, bow, and culveryne.

Quhilk put MAK FARLANDIS men to pyne.

And on their colleris laid full fikker;

And thair began ane bailfull bikker.

Thair was bot schot and schot agane, 275

Till on ilk side thair wes men flanc.

Than cryit the squyer courageous,

" Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous!"

And sa thay did, and clam belyfe,

As busie beis dois to thair hyfe. 280

Howbeit thair wes flane monie man,

Yit wichtlie ovir the wallis thay wan.

The squyer formest of them all,

Plantit the banir ovir the wall:

And

M E L D R U M.

And than began the mortall fray,
 Their wes not ellis bot tak and slay. 189
 Than MAK FARLAND that maid the prais,
 From time he saw the squyeris face :
 Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
 Deliuerand him baith speir and scheild, 285
 The squyer hartilie him resauit,
 Commandand that he suld be sauit :
 And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
 Sa that na man wes put to deid.
 In fre waird was MAK FARLAND seisit,
 And leit the laif gang quhair thay plaisit. 295
 And sa this squyer amorous,
 Seigit and wan the ladies hous.
 And left thairin ane capitane,
 Syne to *Stratberne* returnit agane :
 Quhair that he with his fair ladie, 300
 Resseuait wes full plesantlie.
 And to tak rest did him convoy,
 Judge ye gif thair wes mirth and joy.
 Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloisit,
 They did bot kis, as I suppoisit. 305
 Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
 Let them discover that luteris bene :
 For I am not in luse expart,
 And never studeit in that art. 310
 Thus they remainit in merines,
 Beleifand never to have distres.
 In that meine time this ladie fair,
 Ane douchter to the squyer bair :

Ver. 314. She bore another child to him. *Lindsay, ib.*

Nane

Nane fund wes fairer of visage. 315

Than tuke the squyer sic courage

Agane the merrie time of May,

Threttie he put in his luferay,

In scarlot fyne, and of hew grene ;

Quhilk wes ane semelie sight to sene. 320

The gentilmen in all that land,

Wer glaid with him to mak ane band ;

And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,

And not desyring bot thair hartis.

Thus levit the squyer plesandlie, 325

With musick and with menstralie.

Of this ladie he wes sa glaid,

Thair nicht na sorrow mak him sad.

Ilk ane did uther consolatioun,

Taryand upon dispensatioun. 330

Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit,

Bot or it come, it was miscuikit ;

And all this game he bocht full deir,

As ye at lenth fall efter heir.

Of warldlie joy it wes well kend, 335

That sorrow bene the fatall end ;

For jelousie and fals invie,

Did him pursew richt cruellie.

I mervell not thocht it be so,

For they wer ever Luiferis fo. 340

Ver. 330. He intended to marry her as soon as the pope's
 Resence arrived. Lindsay, ib.

Quhairthrow

Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane flour,
And ay defendit his honour.

Ane cruell knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this squyer had invy.

Imaginand intill his hart, 345

How he thir luiferis nicht depart,

And wald have had hir maryand,

Ane gentilman within his land,

The quhilk to him wes neir in blude,

Bot finallie for to conclude, 350

Thairto scho wald never assent.

Quhairfoir the knicht set his intent,

This nobill squyer for to destroy ;

And swore, he suld never have joy

In till his hart without remeid, 355

Till ane of thame wer left for deid.

This vailyand squyer manfully,

In ernist or play did him defy.

Offerand himself for to assaill,

Bodie for bodie in battail. 360

The knicht thairto not condiscendit,

Bot to betrais him ay intendit.

Sa it fell anis upon ane day,

In *Edinburgh*, as I hard say,

This squyer and the ladie trew, 365

Was thair just matteris to persew.

That cruell knicht full of invy,

Gart hald on thame ane secreit spy,

Ver. 343. Stirling of Keir, ib.

Ver. 348. Luke Stirling, uncle of the former, ib.

Quhen

Quhen thai suld pas furth of the toun;
 For this squyeris confusioun;
 Quhilk traistit no man suld him greive,
 Nor of tressoun had no beleive.

376

And tuik his licence from his oist,
 And liberallie did pay his coist.
 And sa departit blyith and mirrie,
 With purposis to pas ovir the ferrie.

379

He wes bot auchtsum in his rout,
 For of danger he had no dout.

The spy came to the knight anone,
 And him informit how thay wer gone.

380

Than gadderit he his men in hy,
 With thrie scoir in his company;
 Accowterit weill in feir of weir,
 Sum with bow, and sum with speir.

And on the squyer followit fast,
 Till thay did see him at the last;
 With all his men richt weill arrayit,
 With cruell men nathing effrayit.

385

And quhen the ladie saw the rout,
 God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.

390

(Quod scho) "Your enemies I see,
 "Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid yow fle;

"In the cuntrey I will be kend,

"Ye ar na partie to defend.

"Ye knaw yone knichtis crueltie,

395

"That in his hart hes no mercie.

Ver. 376. At Leith, lb. The affair happened beneath Holy Rood chapel, ib.

" It

" It is bot ane that thay wald have,
 " Thairfoir, deir hart, yourself ye save.
 " (Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
 " I fall be fone at yow agane.)
 " For ye war never sa hard staid."
 " Madame" (quod he) " be ye not raid :
 " For be the halie Trinitie,
 " This day ane fute I will not fle."

400

And be he had endit this word,
 He drew ane lang twa handit sword :
 And put his aucht men in array,
 And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
 Than to the squyer cryit the knicht,
 And said, " Send me the ladie bricht :

405

" Do ye not sa, be Goddis croce,
 " I fall hir tak away perforce."
 The squyer said, " Be thow ane knicht,
 " Cum furth to me and shaw the richt,
 " Bot hand for hand without redding,
 " That thair be na mair blude shedding.
 " And gif thow winnis me in the field,
 " I fall my ladie to the yeild."

410

The knicht durst not for all his land,
 Fecht with this squyer hand for hand.

415

The squyer than saw no remeid,
 But outhir to fecht, or to be deid.
 To hevin he liftit up his visage,
 Cryand to God with hie courage.
 " To the my quarrell I do recommend !"
 Syne bowtit fordwart with ane bend :

425

With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelie rusht in that rout.

With him his litill companie,
Quhilk them defendit manfullie.

430

The squyer with his birneist brand,
Amang his fa men maid sic hand :
That GAUDEFER, as says the letter,
At *Gadderis Ferris* faucht no better.

His sword he swappit fa about,

435

That he greit roum maid in the rout :
And lyke ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun fa on thame he wairit,

Quhome ever he hit, as I hard say,
Thay did him na mair deir that day.

440

Quha ever come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.

Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
Sum fled, and come not yit agane.

He hat the knight above the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis.

445

Wer not THOME GIFFARD did him save,
The knight had sone bene in his grave.

Bot than the squyer with his brand,
Hat THOMAS GIFFARD on the hand :
From that time furth during his lyfe,
He never weildit sword nor knyfe.

450

Than come ane fort as brim as beiris,
And in him festnit systene speiris,

In purpois to have borne him down :
Bot he as forcie campioun

455

Amang

Amang thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder,
 For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
 Nane durst cum neir him hand for hand,
 Within the boundis of his brand.

460

This worthie squyer courageous,
 Micht be compairit to TYDEUS:
 Quhilk faucht for to defend his richtis,
 And slew of *Thebes* fyftie knichtis.
 ROLLAND with *Brandwell* his bricht branc,
 Faucht never better hand for hand;

465

Nor GAWIN aganis GOLIBRAS;
 Nor OLYVER with PHARAMBRAS.
 I wait he faucht that day als weill,
 As did Sir GRyme aganis GRAYSTEILL.

470

And I dar say, he was als abill,
 As onie knicht of the round tabill:
 And did his honour mair avance,
 Nor onie of thay knichtis perchance.

The quhilk I offer me to preif,
 Gif that ye pleis, firs, with your leif.

475

Amang thay knichts wes maid ane band,
 That they suld fecht bot hand for hand:
 Assurit that thair suld come no mo;
 With this Squyer it stude not so.
 His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
 Aganis ane man their come ay fyfe.

480

Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
 Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht:
 And had no micht him to destroy,
 Into his hart thair grew sic noy;
 That he was abill for to rage,
 That no man micht his ire astwage.

485

“ Fy on us !” said he to his men,

“ Ay aganis ane sen we ar ten. 490

“ Chaip he away, we are eschamit,

“ Like cowartis we sal be defamit.

“ I had rather be in hellis pane,

“ Or he suld chaip fra us unflane.”

And callit thrie of his companie, 495

Said, “ pas behind him quyetlie,”

And sa thay did richt secretlie ;

And came behind him cowartlie,

And hackit on his hochis and theis,

Till that he fell upon his kneis. 500

Yit quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,

Upon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder.

Sweipand his sword round about,

Not haifand of the deith na dout.

Durst nane approche within his boundis, 505

Till that his cruell mortall woundis

Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun ;

Perforce behuifit him than fall down.

And quhen he lay upon the ground,

They gaif him monie cruell wound ; 510

That men on far micht heir the knokkis,

Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokks.

And finallie without remeid,

They left him lyand thair for deid.

With ma woundis of sword and knyfe, 515

Nor ever had man that keipit lyfe.

Quhat suld I of thir traitouris say ?

Quhen thay had done thay fled away.

Bot than this lustie ladie fair,

With dolent hart scho maid sic cair ; 520

Quhilk

Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs,

And langsum for to put in vers.

With teiris scho wuifche his bludie face,

Sichand with manie loud allace.

“ Allace ! ” quod scho, “ that I was borne !

525

“ In my querrell thow art forlorne.

“ Sall never man efter this hour,

“ Of my bodie have meir plesour.

“ For thow was gem of gentilnes,

“ And werie well of worthines.”

530

Than to the eirth scho rushit down,

And lay in till ane deidlie swoun.

Be that the regent of the land,

Fra *Edinburgh* come fast rydand :

Sir ANTHONIE DARSIE wes his name,

535

Ane knight of *France* and man of fame,

Quhilk had the guiding haillilie,

Under JOWNE duke of *Albanie* ;

Quhilk wes to our young king Tutour,

And of all *Scotland* Gvverneur.

540

(Our king was bot fyve yeiris of age,

That time quhen done wes the outrage.)

Quhen this gude knight the squyer saw,

Thus lyand in till his deid thraw.

“ Wo is me ! ” (quod he) “ to see this sight,

545

“ On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.

“ Wald God that I had bene with the,

“ As thow in *France* was anis with me.

Ver. 535. De la Bastie. Lindsay's Hist.—Darcy Dominus de la Bastie. Epist. Reg. Sc.

Ver. 541. James V. was born in May 1511. Hence the date 1516 omitted in Lindsay's Hist.

" Into the land of *Picardy*,
 " Quhair *Inglis* men had greit invy 550
 " To have me slane, sa they intendit;
 " Bot manfullie thow me defendit :
 " And vailyeandlie did save my lyfe.
 " Was never man with sword nor knyfe,
 " Nocht *HERCULES*, I dar weill say, 555
 " That ever faucht better for ane day.
 " Defendand me within ane stound,
 " Thow dang feir *Sutheroun* to the ground.
 " I may the mak no help, allace ;
 " Bot I sall follow on the chace, 560
 " Richt spedilie baith day and nicht,
 " Till I may get that cruell knight.
 " I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
 " Intill ane presoun I sall set him.
 " And quhen I heir that thow beis deid, 565
 " Than sall my handis straik of his head."
 With that he gave his hors the spurris,
 And spedilie flaw ovir the furris.
 He and his gaird with all thair micht,
 They ran till thai ovirtuik the knight. 570
 Quhen he approachit he lichtit down,
 And like ane vailyeand campioun :
 He tuik the tyrane presonar,
 And send him backward to *Dumbar*.
 And thair remainit in presoun, 575
 Ane certane time in that dungeoun.
 Let him ly thair with mekil cair,
 And speik we of our heynd squyar ;

Of

Of quhome we cannot speik bot gude ;
 Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
 His freindis and his ladie fair, 580
 They maid for him sic dule and cair ;
 Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir,
 Of that matter I speik no moir.
 Thay send for leiches haistlie,
 Syne buir his bodie tenderlie: 585
 To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
 Quhair he ressavit medicyne.
 The greitest Leichis of the land,
 Come all to him without command.
 And all practikis on him provit, 590
 Becaus he was sa weill belovit.
 Thay tuik on hand his life to save,
 And he thame gaif quhat they wald have.
 Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
 He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane: 595
 And als be his naturall ingyne,
 He lernit the Art of Medicyne.
 He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
 Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht.
 Bot efterward quhen he was haill, 600
 He spairit na coist nor yit travaill,
 To preif his practikis on the pure ;
 And on thame previt monie ane cure :
 On his expensis without rewaird,
 Of money he tuik na regaird. 605

Ver. 600. He lived fifty years after. *Lindsay, ib.* or till 1566 :
 but this is surely a mistake of *Pitscotie*.

Yit sum thing will we commoun mair
Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair,
Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane,
Nor all his woundis in certane.

And than his freindis did conclude, 610

Becaus scho nicht do him na gude,
That scho suld tak her leif and go,
Till hir cuntrie, and scho did so:
Bot thir luiferis met never agane,
Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane. 615

For scho aganis hir will wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.

Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,

Hir tender hart wes ay present :

Baith nicht and day with hir Squyar, 620

Wes never Creature that maid sic cair,

PENELOPE for ULISSSES,

I wait, had never mair distres,

Nor CRESSEID for trew TROYLUS,

Wes not tent part sa dolorous. 625

I wait it wes aganis hir hart,

That scho did from hir Lufe depart.

HELENE had not sa mekill noy,

Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.

I leif hir than with hart full fore, 630

And speik now of this Squyer more.

Quken this Squyer wes haill and sound,

And softlie nicht gang on the ground :

To the regent he did complane ;

Bot he allace wes richt sone flane 635

Ver. 635. In 1517.

Be

Be DAVID HUME of *Wedderburne*:

The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murna.

For thair was nane mair nobill Knight,

Mair vailyeand, mair wyse, mair wicht.

And sone efter that crueltie,

640

The Knight was put to libertie,

The quhilk the Squyer had opprest:

Sa wes his matter left undrest.

Becauss the King was young of age,

Than tyrannis rang into thair rage.

645

Bot efterward, as I hard say,

On *Striviling* brig upon ane day:

This Knight was slane with crueltie,

And that day gate na mair mercie,

Nor he gaif to the young Squyar,

650

I say na mair, let him ly thair.

For cruell men ye may weill see,

They end oft times with crueltie.

For Christ to Peter said this word,

Quha ever straikis with ane sword:

655

That man sal be with ane sword slane,

That saw is fuith, I tell you plane.

He menis quha straikis cruellie,

Aganis the Law without mercie.

Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,

660

Bot manfullie him self defendit.

Wes never man with sword nor knyfe,

Mickt saif thair honour and thair lyfe.

As did the Squyer all his dayis,

With monie terribill effrayis.

665

Wald.

Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
 I micht weill writ ane uther quair.
 Bot at this time I may not mend it,
 Bot shaw you how the Squyer endit.

Thair dwelt in *Fyfe* ane agit Lord, 670
 That of this Squyer hard record :

And did desire richt hartfullie,
 To have him in his companie.
 And send for him with diligence,
 And he come with obedience. 675

And lang time did with him remane,
 Of quhome this agit Lord was fane.

Wyse men desiris commounlie
 Wyse men into thair companie.

For he had bene in monie ane Land, 680
 In *Flanderis*, *France*, and in *England*;
 Quhairfoir the Lord gaif him the cure,
 Of his household I yow assure.

And in his Hall cheif Merschall
 And auditour of his comptis all. 685

He was ane richt Courticiane,
 And in the Law ane Practiciane.

Quhairfoir during this Lordis lyfe,
 Schyref depute he wes in *Fyfe*,
 To everie man ane equall Judge, 690
 And of the pure he wes refuge.

And with Justice did thame support,
 And curit their fairis with greit comfort.

Ver. 670. Lord Lindsay ?

For

M E L D R U M.

For as I did reheirs before,
 Of medicine he tuke the Lore,
 Quhen he saw the Chirurgience
 Upon him do thair diligence.
 Experience maid him perfyte
 And of the Science tuke sic delyte
 That he did monie thriftie cure,
 And speciallie upon the pure.
 Without rewaird for his expensis,
 Without regaird or recompensis.
 To gold, to silver, or to rent,
 This nobill Squyer take litill tent.
 Of all this warld na mair he craifit,
 Sa that his honour micht be faifit.
 And ilk yeir for his Ladie's faik,
 Ane Banket Royall wald he maik.
 And that he maid on the Sondag,
 Precedand to Aschwednisday.
 With wyld foull, venisoun and wyne:
 With tairt, and flam, and frutage syne:
 Of Bran and Geill thair wes na skant,
 And Ipocras he wald not want.
 I have sene sittand at his Tabill,
 Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
 With Knightis and monie ane gay Squyar,
 Quhilk wer to lang for to declair:
 With mirth, musick, and menstrallie.
 All this he did for his Ladie.
 And for hir faik during his lyfe,
 Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.

203

695

700

705

710

715

720

And

And quhen he did detlyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage. 725

Of ançient storyis for to tell,
Above all uther he did precell.
Sa that everilk Creature,
To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.

Bot all his deidis honorabill,
For to descryve I am not abill. 730

Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, sa he endit.
Plesandlie till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure: 735

And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He straik the Squyer throw the hart.

His faull with Joy Angelicall,
Past to the Hevin Imperiall.

Thus at the *Strutber* into *Eyse*, 740
This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.

I pray to Christ for to convoy,
All sic trew Luiferis to his Joy.

Say ye Amen for Cheritie.

Adew, ye get na mair of me. 745

The

The
 Testament of the nobill
 and vailyeand Squyer Williame Meldrū
 of the Bynnis. Compylit be Sir Da-
 vid Lyndesay of the Mont. &c.

I.

The Holie man JOB, ground of pacience,
 In his greit trubill trewlie did report,
 Quhilk I persave now be Experience,
 That mennis lyfe in eirth bene wounder short.
 My youth is gane, and eild now dois resort;
 My time is gane, I think it bot ane dreame,
 Yit efter deith remane fall my gude fame.

II.

I persave shortlie, that I man pay my det,
 To me in eirth no place ben permanent:
 My hart on it no mair now will I set,
 Bot with the help of God omnipotent,
 With resolute mind go mak my Testament:
 And tak my leif at cuntriemen, and kyn,
 And all the warld, and thus I will begyn.

III.

Thrie Lordis to me sal be Executouris,
 LYNDESAY is all thrie in surname of renoun:
 Of my Testament thay fall have hail the curis,
 To put my mind till executioun.

That

That Surname failyeit never to the Croun;
 Na mair will thay to me I am richt sure,
 Quhilk is the caus that I give them the cure.

IV.

First DAVID Erll of CRAUFUIRD wife and wicht,
 And JOHNE Lord LINDESAY my maister special,
 The thrid sal be ane nobill travellit Knight,
 Quhilk knawis the coistis of Feistis funeral :
 The wise Sir WALTER LINDESAY they him cal.
 Lord of *S. Johne*, and Knight of *Forfichane*,
 Be sey and land ane vailyeand Capitane.

V.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
 Yet in my hart hie courage doeth precell :
 Quhairfoir I leif to God with gude intent,
 My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortal;
 Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell :
 And nevir moir to steir furth of that steid
 Till Christ descend and judge baith quick and deid.

VI.

I yow beseik my Lordis Executouris,
 My geir geve till the nixt of my Kynrent :
 It is well kend, I never tuik na cures,
 Of conquessing of riches nor of Rent;
 Dispone as ye think maist expedient :
 I never taik cure of gold more than of glas ;
 Without honour, fy fy upon Riches.

IV. 6. See Pitscottie. p. 263.

VII. I

VII.

I yow requicst my friendis ane and all,
 And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit :
 Faill not to be at my feist funerall,
 uhilk throw the warld I traift sal be commendit,
 Ye know how that my fame I have defendit
 During my life unto this latter hour,
 Quhilk suld to yow be infinit plesour.

VIII.

First of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
 Within and out, syne wesche it weill with wyne :
 Bot honestie see that nothing be sene,
 Syne clois it in ane coistlie carvit schryne,
 Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper syne :
 Anoynt my corpes with Balme delicious,
 With Cynamome and Spycis precious.

IX.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis,
 Inclois my hart and tounge richt craftelie ;
 My sepulture syne gar mak for my banis,
 Into the Tempell of MARS triumphandlie,
 Of marvill stanis carvit richt curiouselie ;
 Quhairin my Kift and banis ye fall clois
 In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

X.

MARS, VENUS, and MERCURIUS, all thre,
 Gave me my natural inclinaciounis ;
 Quhilk rang the day of my nativitie,

St. viii. This part is merely poetical.

And

And sa their hevinlie constellatiounis,
 Did me support in monie Natiounis,
 MARS maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
 Quhairthrow I conquest honour and renoun.

XI.

Quho list to know the actis Bellical,
 Let thame ga reid the legend of my life ;
 Thair fall thai find the deidis martiall
 How I have stand in monie stalwart strife :
 Victoriousslie with speir, sheild, sword and knife.
 Quhairfoir to MARS the God Armipotent
 My corps incloisit ye do till him present.

XII.

Mak offering of my tounge Rhetoricall,
 Till MERCURIUS quhilk gaif me eloquence,
 In his Tempill to hing perpetuall,
 I can mak him na better recompence ;
 For quhen I was brocht to the presence,
 Of Kings in *Scotland*, *Ingland*, and in *France*,
 My ornate tounge my honour did avance.

XIII.

To fresche VENUS my hart ye fall present,
 Quhilk hes to me bene ay comfortabill ;
 And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
 All creatures did think me amiabill.
 Wemen to me scho maid sa favorabill ;
 Wes never Ladie that luikit in my face,
 But honestlie I did obtene hir grace.

XIV. My

XIV.

My friend Sir DAVID LYNDSEY of the *Mont*
 Shall put in ordour my Proceffoun;
 I will that thair pas formest in the front
 To beir my penfeil ane wicht Campioun,
 With him ane band of MARS his Religion,
 That is to say, in feild of Monkis and Freiris,
 In gude ordour ane thowfsand hagbutteris.

XV.

Nixt them ane thowfsand futemen in ane rout,
 With speir and sheild, with buckler, bow and brand,
 In ane lufaray young stalwart men and stout.
 Thridlie in ordour thair fall cum ane band,
 Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair harmes;
 Thair Capitane with my standart in his hand
 On bairdit hors ane hundreth men of armes.

XVI.

Amang that band my baner shal be borne,
 Of silver schene, thrie otteris into fabill:
 With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
 For men of armes veri convenabill,
 Nixt efter them ane campoun honorabill;
 Shall beir my basnet with my funerall,
 Syne efter him in ordour triumphall,

XVII.

My arming sword, my gluifs of plait, and sheild
 Borne be ane forcie campoun or ane knight;
 Quhilk did me serve in monie dangerous feild.
 Nixt efter him ane man in armour bricht,

Upon ane Jonet or ane cursour wicht ;
 The quhilk sal be ane man of greit honour,
 Upon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

XVIII.

Syne nixt my beir fall cum my cors-present
 My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir ;
 With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,
 As I wes wont on my bodie to beir :
 During my time quhen I went to the weir,
 Quhilk sal be offerit with ane gay garment,
 To MARS his Preist at my Interment.

XIX.

Duill weidis I think hypocrisie and seorne,
 With huidis heklit doun ovirthort thair ene,
 With men of armes my bodie sal be borne,
 Into that band see that no blak be sene.
 My luferay sal be reid, blew, and grene,
 The reid for MARS, the grene for freshe VENUS,
 The blew for lufe of God MERCURIUS.

XX.

About my beir fall ryde ane multitude
 All of ane luiferay of my cullouris thrie,
 Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude ;
 Ilk Barroun beirand in his hand on hie,
 Ane Lawrer branche insigne of victorie,
 Becaus I fled never out of the feild,
 Nor yit as presoner unto my fois me yeild.

XXI. Agane

XXI.

Agane that day faill not to warne and call
 All men of musick, and of menstrallie;
 About my beir with mirthis musicall,
 To dance and sing with hevinlie harmonie,
 Quhais plesant sound redound fall in the sky;
 My spreit I wait sal be with mirth and joy.
 Quhairfoir with mirth my corpes ye sal convoy.

XXII.

This beand done and all thing reulit richt.
 Than plesantlie mak your progressioun:
 Quhilk I beleif sal be ane plesant sicht,
 Se that ye thoill na Preist in my processioun,
 Without he be of VENUS professioun:
 Quhairfoir gar warne al VENUS chapel clarks,
 Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

XXIII.

With ane Bischop of that religioun,
 Solemnitlie gar thame sing my faull mes,
 With organe, timpane, trumpet and clarion,
 To shaw thair Musick, dewlie them addres,
 I will that day be hard no hevines:
 I will na service of the requiem,
 Bot alleluya with melodie and game.

XXIV.

Efter the Evangell and the Offertour,
 Throw all the tempill gar proclame silence:
 Than to the pulpet gar ane Oratour,
 Pas up and schaw in oppin audience,

Solempnitlie with ornate eloquence;
 At greit laser the legend of my life,
 How I have stand in monie stalwart strife.

XXV.

Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
 And of my life maid trew narratioun;
 All creature I wait will me commend,
 And pray to God for my salvatioun;
 Than efter this solempnizatioun;
 Of service trew, and all brocht to ane end;
 With gravitie than with my bodie wend,

XXVI.

And clois it up into my sepulture,
 Thair to repois till the greit judgement;
 The quhilk may not corrupt I yow assure,
 Be vertew of the precious oyntment,
 Of balme, and uther spyces redolent.
 Let not be rung for me that day faull knellis
 Bot greit cannoynis gar them crank for bellis.

XXVII.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis
 With sweische, talburnis, and trumpettis awfullie;
 Lat never spair the poulder nor the stanis,
 Quhais thundring sound redound fall in the sky,
 That MARS may heir quhair he triumphandle
 Above PHEBUS is situate full evin,
 Maist awfull God under the sternie hevin.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And syne hing up above my sepulture,
 My bricht harnes, my scheild and als my speir;
 Togidder with my courtlie coit armour,
 Quhilk I wes wont upon my bodie beir,
 In *France*, in *England*, being at the weir;
 My baner, basnet, with my temperall,
 As bene the use of feifis funerall.

XXIX.

This beand done, I pray yow tak the pane,
 My epitaphe to writ upon this wyis,
 Above my grave in goldin letteris fyne:
 THE MAIST INVINCIBILL WEIRIOUR HEIR LYIS,
 DURING HIS TIME, QUHILK WANSIC LAUDAND PRYIS,
 THAT THROW THE HEVINIS SPRANG HIS NOBIL FAME:
 VICTORIOUS WILLIAM MELDRUM WAS HIS NAME.

XXX.

Adew, my Lordis, I may na langer tarie,
 My Lord LINDESAY, adew above all uther:
 I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,
 With your Lady to leif lang in the *Strutber*;
 Maister PATRIK, with young NORMOND your brother;
 With my ladeis, your sisteris, all adew!
 My departing I wait weill ye will rew.

XXXI.

Bot maist of all the fair Ladies of *France*,
 Quhen thai heir tell but dout that I am deid;
 Extreme dolour will change thair countenance,
 And for my saik will weir the murning weid;
 Quhen thir novellis dois into *England* spreid;

Of *Londoun* than the lustie ladies cleir,
Will for my faik mak dule and drierie cheir.

XXXII.

Of *Craigfergus* my dayis darling adew,
In all *Ireland* of feminine the flour;
In your querrell twa men of weir I slew,
Quhilk purposit to do yow dishonour,
Ye suld have bene my spous and paramour,
With rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refusit throw youth and insolence.

XXXIII.

Fair weill ye lemant lampis of lustines
Of fair *Scotland* adew my Ladies all,
During my youth with ardent besines,
Ye knaw how I was in your service thrall,
Ten thowsand times adew above thame all;
Sterne of *Stratberne* my Ladie Soverane,
For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane.

XXXIV.

Yit wald my Ladie luke at evin and morrow
On my legend at lenth scho wald not mis,
How for hir faik I sufferit mekill sorrow,
Yit give I nicht at this time get my wis,
Of hir sweit mouth deir God I had ane kis;
I wis in vane, allace we will dissever,
I say na mair, sweit hart adew for ever.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Brether in Armes, adew in generall,
For me I wait your hartis bene full soir :
All trew companyeounis into speciall.
I say to yow, adew for evermoir.
Till that we meit agane with God in gloir ;
Sir Curat now gif me incontinent,
My Cryisme with the holie Sacrament.

XXXVI.

My spreit hartlie I recommend
In manus tuas, Domine.
My hoip to the is till ascend ;
Rex, quia redemisti me ;
Fra syn resurrexisti me ;
Or ellis my faull had bene forlorne ;
With sapience *docuisti me.*
Blis be the hour that thou wes borne.

END OF VOL. I.

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taken from the Building**

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